Week ending December 23 1944 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

to Readers Everywhere

SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE

by A. G. Gardiner

Lovely complexion..

stimulating freshness

That's the assurance Lifebuoy Toilet Soap gives you, thanks to its deep-cleansing lather with the special ingredient that makes it extra mild in action.

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

3½d tablet—1 coupon

BT 608-690-65

LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

MAKES MEAT PIES

Marvellous!

Insist on **MARMITE**

and you'll get it

★ Marmite, the yeast food-extract, is the making of all soups, stews, meat and vegetable dishes. It adds delicious flavour and makes the most of war-time rations and recipes. Marmite makes delicious gravy.

In Jars: 1 oz. 6d., 2 oz. 10d., 4 oz. 1/6, 8 oz. 2/8, 16 oz. 4/8

from all Grocers and Chemists

FOOD FACTS

CHRISTMAS FANCIES

Of course you can't find Christmas fancies as you could before the war, but there are some you can make yourself. Gingerbread men and paper-wrapped toffees will help to fill the children's stockings, and the Christmas cake will look twice as festive with a coating of icing.

GINGERBREAD MEN

Ingredients : 2 oz. sugar or syrup, 2 oz. margarine, 8 oz. plain flour, ½ level teaspoon mixed spice, 2 level teaspoons ginger, lemon substitute, 1 level teaspoon bicarbonate soda. *Method :* Melt in a pan the syrup or sugar and margarine. Pour into a bowl. Add some flour and the spice and lemon substitute. Stir well. Dissolve the bicarbonate of soda in a tablespoon of tepid water and add to the mixture. Continue stirring gradually adding more flour. Finish the process by turning out the mixture on to a well-floured board. Knead in the remainder of the flour. Roll a small ball for the head, flatten it and place it on the baking tin. Roll an oblong for the body and strips for arms and legs. Join these together with a little reconstituted egg and put currants for the eyes.

HONEYCOMB TOFFEE

Ingredients : 2 oz. sugar — demerara if possible, 4 oz. syrup, 2 level teaspoons bicarbonate of soda. *Method :* Boil syrup and sugar together for about 5 minutes, or until it is a rich brown colour. While still boiling stir the bicarbonate of soda in very quickly. Pour into a well-greased sandwich tin, and allow to cool and set. When almost firm, loosen edges with knife and turn out on to wire tray.

ICING *made with ordinary Sugar and Household Milk*

Ingredients : 4 level dessertspoons sugar, 6 level tablespoons Household Milk, dry, 2 tablespoons water, colouring and flavouring. *Method :* Mix sugar and milk together. Add water and beat till smooth. Add colouring and flavouring and spread on top of cake.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY, 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 233

POSITIVELY DELICIOUS

Even in wartime you can give your guests a delicious treat. Here are two unusual sandwiches, flavoured with piquant Lemco, the *original* concentrated beef extract

WORCESTERSHIRE PASTE SANDWICHES

1 part Lemco
1 part Worcestershire sauce
Small cress or cucumber

Using knife blend the Lemco and sauce together well. Spread on one slice of lightly buttered bread. Strew with prepared and dried cress or with thin slice of unpeeled cucumber and complete the sandwich.

MUSTARD PASTE SANDWICHES

2 parts Lemco
1 part freshly made mustard
Lettuce or cucumber

The mustard should not be mixed too stiffly or the flavour will be too strong. Blend Lemco and mustard with a knife. Spread on lightly buttered bread. Cover with shredded lettuce or thin slices cucumber and complete the sandwich.

LEMCO

— THE ORIGINAL —

Concentrated Beef Extract

PREPARED BY OXO LTD., LONDON

---

one of the lucky ones!

she's got a tin of Nescafé

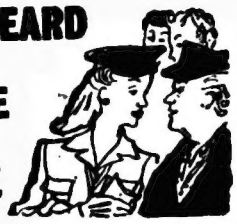
We regret that it must be rather a matter of luck to get a tin of Nescafé these days. Under wartime conditions it is impossible to meet the increased demand, and grocers are rationed. Nescafé is so convenient: no mess, no grounds, no coffee-pot to wash up. But what a good, stimulating, fragrant drink you can enjoy when you *do* get a chance to buy a tin.

NESCAFE

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

N.3.B.

OVERHEARD IN THE QUEUE



"... No, I don't mind the washing, but that wooden mangle I've had to put up with does take it out of me so —*and* out of the clothes!"

"That's where I'm lucky; I was able to find one of those lovely ★Acmes just in time—just before war broke out—and it's been doing overtime for the neighbours ever since!"

"Well, I was only saying to Jim the other day that if post-war planning gives everyone an Acme I'll be more interested in it. And won't I be thankful to see the back of mother's old-fashioned wooden-roller mangle."

★ *The Acme Cleanser Wringer does your fleeciest blankets as easily and as safely as your sheerest undies—thanks to rubber rollers and Acme's patented 'cantilever pressure.'*

When Horlicks is scarce, don't forget that many have special need of it

In emergency rations issued to soldiers, sailors, and airmen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen for this purpose because it is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save innumerable lives.

Large quantities of Horlicks are also required for hospitals, vital war factories, and the mines. This is why there are only limited quantities of Horlicks in the shops. So, when Horlicks is scarce, don't forget that many have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

Where's my BOURNVILLE COCOA?

Cadbury quality—and no points

WINES WITH A NAME YOU KNOW 'BEHIND' THEM

WHITEWAY'S

Whiteway's Port Style Wines and British Sherry do not just 'happen' to be better—they are MADE better. Infinite care is taken in their production from the time the grapes are gathered in the "Sunny South" until the wines have reached the final stage of maturing at our Winery in "Glorious Devon."

The 'Whiteway' Brand British Wines are sold under the Certificate of The Royal Institute of Public Health and Hygiene.

LIMITED SUPPLIES ARE AVAILABLE THROUGH YOUR USUAL WINE MERCHANT

December 23 1944 JOHN BULL Volume 76 Number 2010 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

BETRAYING YOUR HOPES

WHAT ARE YOUR CHIEF hopes of future peace at this season of good will?

First, no doubt, that it will be a real peace—not just a prelude to another world conflict.

Second, that it will be prosperous—so that there will be work for all of us.

Our Statesmen have expressed these aims in resounding speeches. If words were deeds and intentions were achievements, the year that is now ending would be memorable for more than successes on the battlefield.

Unfortunately, the agreement of the United Nations on military strategy does not extend to affairs of peace.

THE WORLD SECURITY Organisation is a giant hamstrung and hand-tied because of a voting dispute with Russia.

A world system for food and agriculture, born triumphantly at Hot Springs, has failed to grow, and remains a puny weakling.

Unrra, destined to help the Liberated Countries to find their own feet, is a lazy youth not yet fully employed.

The Chicago conference on civil aviation agreed to differ on fundamental issues. Russia withdrew her delegates before they got to Chicago. The U.S.A. plumped for "free" competition.

On the question of oil, which might easily become the dynamite of the future, no real advance has been made towards international agreement.

THUS, IN THE MIDDLE of World War II we see that the lesson of World War I has not been learnt. There is still no guarantee that the nations will combine to develop and distribute the world's riches so that peace will not bring "dole" queues or the fear of a new Nazism.

Britain, because of its geographical and industrial position, is best fitted to take the lead towards this end.

We, the ordinary people, must harry our M.P.s to ensure that our hopes shall not be betrayed.

The Editor

HALVING GERMAN WAR EFFORT

Air Battle against Oil. Staging a Hitler Come-Back. Exiled Royalists give a party. The City and foreign affairs. Going to "The Dogs." Profits plus.

AT FIRST GLANCE, apart from General Patch's spectacular advance into the Siegfried Line in Northern Alsace, the war on the western front appears to be bogged down in the mud of winter.

Similarly, there are now distinct signs that the Russians are coming up against a hard core of resistance as they near the approaches to Austria

They are not finding the going anything like as easy as they found it when they first entered the central European plain at the Rumanian border.

So, then, it would seem that winter is producing its own temporary stalemate.

Three-Months' Battle

But appearances are deceptive. Comparatively little attention has been given to the decisive battle now being fought in the air, almost as decisive, in its way, as the aerial Battle of Britain more than four years ago.

That battle is being fought over the oil refineries and the synthetic oil plants of Germany. It has been going on now, systematically, in the greatest possible force, for more than three months.

It has resulted in the loss of hundreds of aircraft; but it has achieved an incalculable gain.

It has reduced the war-making ability of Germany to an extent which some experts estimate at fifty per cent.

Germany's Life Line

Germany, having lost Rumania in August last, is now almost entirely without natural oil resources. The Polish wells have small yields. So her synthetic oil industry, which she developed to such a huge extent before the war, is now her vital fuel line. Without it her wheels cannot turn, her planes are grounded.

Last month Bomber Command tipped 53,000 tons of bombs into Germany, the United States bombing arm dropped 50,600 tons. The majority of that enormous combined tonnage went down on the shattered oil industry. This month the attack has gone on.

The Germans did everything they could to protect the vital targets. They even thinned out anti-aircraft guns from their own cities, remounting them round the oil plants.

War Depends On It

But they have failed to stop the smashing of the fuel supply.

That is the explanation behind many apparently unrelated facts in the news recently. American experts, for instance, are now convinced that the quality of Germany's younger pilots has declined—because, owing to fuel shortage, they are insufficiently trained.

It is the strangest of battles, this relentless fight against the enemy's output of fuel. The Allies will never see their actual victory in it, but the moment it is won the war must finish automatically.

Is Hitler Coming Back?

MEANWHILE, THERE HAS BEEN a significant change in the directives which Goebbels sends out behind the German Press.

A colleague of mine who has made a detailed study of the Nazi Press, reports that references to Hitler, and even photographs, are now reappearing in full spate in the German papers.

A month ago the references were few, and perfunctory. It was as though the Nazi chiefs were then anxious to divert attention from him, without actually dropping him.

Now the papers are glowing with warm references to the way he is working at his secret headquarters.

Does this mean that Hitler will soon be making a personal reappearance?

Prince Juan stands out from the hotch-potch of would-be European kings

Franco's Shooting

SPAIN REMAINS the most complicated jigsaw in European politics. Franco has apparently survived a major crisis, but there has obviously been a serious split among his dwindling supporters, and his number is up.

He recently returned from a week's shooting, and gave a farewell audition to the retiring British Ambassador, Lord Templewood, better known as the inglorious Sir Samuel Hoare.

A week's shooting undoubtedly did Franco good. It must have seemed quite like old times.

Meanwhile, the crisis in Madrid produced one father unexpected development—the ex-Queen Ena has flown to Switzerland, for conferences with her son, Prince Juan.

Shining Prince

Personally, I have no time for Europe's aspiring monarchs, and hold that the future would be far happier without them.

But, in fairness to Juan, it should be said that he certainly does stand out in that hotch-potch of princes and princelings who are so anxious to jump on the empty thrones of Europe.

He served as a midshipman in the British Navy, and when I met him his major interest seemed to be in the Service.

Juan's chances, I predict, are slight. It is dangerous to prophesy about Spain, but my prediction is that in the near future Franco will have to face another civil war or yield a substantial measure of democracy.

Honeymoon in Style

OTHER EXILED royalists have been strongly in the news. Surrounded by 2,000 guests, with sumptuous parties for forty admiring royal princes, Prince Pedro de Alcantara de Orleans-Braganza, grandson of the last Emperor of Brazil, has just married Princess Esperanza Rocio de Bourbon-Orleans.

The ceremony took place in Seville, and four exiled royal families are united by the wedding.

It all sounds thoroughly unreal to me, as did the choice snippet about the bride's trousseau. Apparently she carted it off on the honeymoon in sixteen cabin trunks.

I hope the weather keeps fine for her.

Seville, with its memory of some of the worst horrors in Franco's war, seems a grim place for such ostentatious junketing.

Man of the Hour

WHILE THE PRINCESS is trotting off to Rio on her honeymoon, a number of leaders in the Spanish melodrama have converged on Paris.

Chief of them is Miguel Maura, moderate Conservative Spanish Statesman, who was once Minister of the Interior. Brother of a banker, he is in a unique position.

He is practically the only Spanish politician who did not fight one way or another in the Spanish Civil War. That is why many people think he is the man who will be able to bring opposite sides together and oust Franco.

City Interference?

One of the Spanish Republicans has now stated that British financial interests are behind Maura.

I hope this is not true. If so, it is disgraceful. It is the second allegation in recent days of City of London interference in foreign affairs.

The City should be ordered not to meddle. London's professional usurers have a disastrous record for muddle-headed diplomacy. Their interference has never done their country any good, and usually a great deal of harm.

Stock Exchange Shop

THE VICTORIANS USED to say that trade follows the flag; nowadays it would be equally as true to say that trouble follows the foreign loan.

If London had used its millions to avert slumps inside Britain, instead of gambling for high interest with doubtful foreign governments, London would not have had its fingers burned so often.

The gamblers have had a nasty knock in a different field in the last week or two. Shares in British Celanese have gone jumping up and down, and there has been official Stock Exchange criticism of the way in which the company's dividend was announced some days before the precise profits were disclosed.

Speculators looking for a quick

JB
insurance
An announcement of vital importance to every reader will appear in next week's issue

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

profit—and no Income Tax—had some nasty losses. I see no cause for tears in that.

Gone to the Dogs

Gambling of that sort is indefensible. The Stock Exchange, as a medium for investment, yes; as a private Tote for rich gamblers, no.

Allegations are now being made that gambling, in all its forms, is increasing everywhere.

"The Dogs," in particular, are under fire. Reformers want to stop greyhound meetings on ethical grounds.

Last week I went to a meeting to see for myself. I chose Wembley Stadium.

Middle-age Sport

It was a sunny December afternoon, and there was an attendance of about 11,000. Occasionally one saw khaki, but my most striking impression was of the *age* of the crowd.

All sporting crowds have their own character. A Cup Tie crowd is young and bustling; a cricket crowd is suntanned and gentle; a boxing crowd is shrill and nervous. But this was different; it was a middle-aged crowd, in places almost an elderly crowd.

In quick succession I saw a Wimpole Street dentist, a Harley Street surgeon, who said that this was his one relaxation in the week, the chairman of a famous firm of advertising agents, and a director of a huge concern now working for the Ministry of Supply.

£4 a Head

In the popular part of the ground bookmakers took bets in silver, in the good old way. So they did in the main stand. I saw no cheques change hands. The people who made the largest bets had been pointed out to me as system players, working out their destinies in decimals.

Is it generally known, I wonder, that the Tote returns at the big tracks, divided by the number of attendances in a year, give an average betting turnover of less than £4 a head at a meeting? As there are eight races on a card, this is not a high figure.

A professional punter, working to a system, would have to "spread" a much higher sum, to pay his way.

Boxing Day 'Chasing

Racing enthusiasts have one thing on which to congratulate themselves; National Hunt racing is to be resumed on Boxing Day after a blank period of more than two years.

There will be meetings at Windsor and Wetherby.

Already two horses seem to stand out in the cards for the opening meetings, which promise to be very well attended. Foresta.ion, which won the last Champion Hurdle Challenge Cup at Cheltenham, is running in the Datchet Hurdle at Windsor. At Wetherby, Russian Sentry, a winner over the course, is a steady tip for the Tadcaster Steeplechase.

Pound Notes are Cheap

For wild extravagance the recent escapade at Boston, in Lincolnshire, would take a lot of beating.

A local auction sale of second-hand toys caused a seven days' national wonder. Local farmers turned up itching to outbid one another.

Fantastic sums like £24 were paid for toy prams; a doll fetched £7. A boy's toy train with a few extra gadgets made £30. And so on.

This sort of thing may make piquant reading, but it is important. Taken to its logical conclusion, it means inflation.

Pound notes seem to be much too cheap in Boston.

Conservative Chieftain

THE TORY 1922 COMMITTEE—the name sticks, although it should really be called the Conservative Members' Committee—has just elected Captain J. H. F. McEwen as its chairman.

Captain McEwen, who is M.P. for Berwickshire, belongs to the extreme Right of the Tory Party. He recently resigned his post at the Treasury and as Tory Whip, in order to accept nomination as chairman of this influential committee.

He is now the boss of the Conservative back benchers.

A good Parliamentary man, he should lead them well.

Ralph Assheton, the new head of the Central Office, is massing his forces. One of his latest moves has been to appoint a publicity chief—George E. Christ.

We Wanted Fifty

THERE HAS BEEN much ado about the plan for a new London, published a few days ago.

Its most spectacular suggestion is an appeal for ten new satellite towns around London.

The idea is excellent. But it is hardly new. As long ago as January, 1938, JOHN BULL was emphasising the fact that new towns were urgently needed—to relieve congestion, abolish slums, and redistribute the population.

Our call was for the building of fifty new towns throughout the country.

My Country Fights On in Ignorance

MAURICE FAGENCE, whose "John Bull" articles will be remembered by many readers, is now reporting the war in the Mediterranean theatre, and sends this exclusive interview with General Hoxha, C.-in-C. of the Albanian Army and President of Albania

NATIONS THAT HAVE fought Nazism and Fascism will need great understanding of one another when the two monsters have finally ceased to kick. If the free nations are going to know so little of one another that they suspect motives when none exist, there can be little hope that the coming of Victory Day will represent the end of all war.

We have got to compare notes and, because I believe our notes will help towards understanding in other countries still enslaved and inarticulate, I want to display them for the world to see.

To begin with, Britain will have to treat with new European leaders and governments who may know nothing of the Atlantic Charter, nothing of Britain's social revolution. You may think that my countrymen know of these things. But world news has not penetrated our mountain fastnesses.

All that some people have heard has been the voice of Goebbels. Moreover, many nations will have to pull down a whole social structure before they can hope to rebuild, because Fascism and Nazism have created a glittering façade behind which the misery of the masses got worse.

In Albania, we have got to bring to reason bemused fools who, while getting none of the spoils of Dictatorship, fell under its spell. Albania has suffered invasion and terrorism at the hand of Fascist Italy. But we are not angry with the people of Italy. They were pushed into doing wrong. We understand that, and, in spite of all our sufferings, the Italians are happy in Albania. The great help the Italian soldiers have given us in the liberation of our country is only one token of Italy's craving for redemption from her black past.

What of our workers? Conditions for them were always bad, and behind the outward show of Fascism they became steadily more terrible.

Albert Thomas, that great-hearted man of the League of Nations, came and saw the horror of it all, and persuaded the workers to start organising themselves. The authorities smiled indulgently, but immediately Thomas' back was turned everything was dropped, and the workers found themselves worse off than ever.

I am convinced that the salvation of all workers lies in paying well for the products of countries where workers have been used to being treated as slaves. We are going to raise all the standards of our workers through trade unionism. It is the only way. We see that a standard of living for everyone depends on what the workers are paid.

I spoke of how little my countrymen know of the Atlantic Charter. If it means that all countries will have equal access to the world's raw materials, it knocks the chief excuse for war out of the hands of the warmongers. But I find it hard to believe that it doesn't refer to world's surpluses.

And what of a "police organisation" for the world? When that is discussed we in Albania stand silent. We must be forgiven for viewing the project as an arrangement between owners of big houses to respect one another's property while regarding it as legitimate to seize the cottage of the small man. We have experienced that.

GENERAL HOXHA studied at Lyons and Brussels Universities, had to give up a professorship in his own country and work in a tobacconist's shop because of his anti-Fascist views. Was commissioned with the Albanian partisans in the mountains, and always in the thickest of the fighting. Won his way to the highest political and military positions in the land. Hoxha is a Moslem, his aim is "to show I can get a united nation without dictatorship."

BUT THINGS MUST be better this time. We shall go on with every confidence in movements which spring from the people. Other movements should be hacked out like deadly growths. If only there were a League of Decency and Fairness to do that!

Albania is determined to be in this war to the end. Our army is in Yugoslavia and still advancing. That army has orders to keep marching on—if necessary to Berlin. My countrymen know what Britain has done for them. They want the people of Britain to understand them. They want to understand the British. Then the ignorance which breeds war will cease.

Argument

Brighter Sundays

Assuming that every worke is guaranteed prope time off, should Sunda restrictions be relaxed

for

1. No one suggests compulso theatre attendance on Sunda Those whose principles are strict such matters need not go.

2. In several American cities ent tainment-starved crowds throng midnight matinées which start one minute past Sunday midni precisely. Who can believe th what is sinful at 11.59 p.m. becom virtuous two minutes later?

3. The Sunday opening of cinem was permitted because it was obvious necessity; but why all films and not theatre shows?

4. The present Sunday observa laws are full of absurdities. C singer was prosecuted for "perfor ing in costume" because he tuck his trousers into his socks!

5. If Sunday cinemas are wro why are the charities which ben from a percentage of the takings ready to accept this "tain money"?

6. In a large proportion of Christian world Sunday entert ments are freely permitted. H then, can it be argued that st Sunday observance is an essen part of the Christian creed?

against

1. The setting apart of one day the week as different from the —a day when commercial val yield place to spiritual—is an age tradition of inestimable value.

2. If, as most of us think, ther a certain steadiness in Britain la ing in some other countries, may our traditional Sunday quiet have contributed to our prover calm?

3. To say that a frankly comm cial Sunday would do no harm those who value spiritual repos like saying that a man resting no cause for complaint against th who make a noise.

4. The casual "day off in week" could not replace the natio day of rest, which permits fa reunions and visits to friends.

5. Sunday workers are, for most part, on duty only one Sun in three or four; but entertai would be employed almost e Sunday in the year.

6. The present position is a rea able compromise. Any commu faced with bad housing conditi large "street-corner" populati and definite public demand. decide through democratic machi to permit the cinemas to open. the essential restfulness of Su is nowhere vitally impaired.

Gifts in Your Christmas Stocking

In this article PHILIP INMAN, Chairman of Charing Cross Hospital, deals sympathetically with feelings of war weariness. At this sixth war-time Christmas, we've still plenty of "free gifts" if we bother to look for them

I WAS LISTENING to the news on the wireless. Suddenly my mind switched back to the old days—the days of Test matches and football results and fat-stock prices.

Then the worst fate in store for us was a deep depression approaching from Iceland. But now—nothing but war. War on the Western Front, in Italy, on the Eastern Front, in Burma. "I'm sick of this war," said Field-Marshal Montgomery a few weeks ago. "It's about time it was brought to an end." In the words of the ever-popular song: "And so say all of us."

Now we can't blame the wireless for giving us so much war news. We can't condemn the newspapers for allowing it to monopolise all their space. We would not have it otherwise. Millions of our own folk are fighting upon the far-flung battle-grounds of the world. Every hour of every day we yearn for news of them. The Press and the radio are the agents which minister to this nation-wide craving.

But sometimes, let us admit it, the strain of the last five years does get on our nerves. And when that happens the usual symptoms show themselves. We are inclined to be irritable and impatient, moody and depressed. Little troubles are magnified out of all proportion. Molehills become mountains, petty annoyances become calamities. We haven't the will to concentrate, the desire to do anything. "What's the use" is a phrase continually on our lips.

I wonder if you recognise any of these symptoms. They are pretty general, I can assure you. And I would like to recommend two or three prescriptions which will, I believe, lead to a cure.

The first is to remember that passing events are not permanent misfortunes. I recall a chat I had with Mr. Maisky during his early years as Russian Ambassador in London. At that time the relations between our two countries were strained almost to breaking point. There had actually been demonstrations of hostility outside the Embassy. Maisky remained unmoved.

On his desk he kept a printed card which he told me always gave him confidence. That card had on it the words: "This also will pass." He was right. Widespread opposition became popular approval when in 1941 Russia became our Ally.

"This also will pass." It's a good watchword for the days when troubles crowd upon us. "All good things come to an end," we say sometimes. Yes, and bad things, too.

Then let us look at another cause for encouragement. In the early months of the war I heard Sir Harry Lauder sing his well-known song, "Keep right on to the end of the road." Well, we've kept right on, and now the end is in sight.

Mendelssohn, in one of his oratorios, describes a watchman standing on his watch tower. The night is pitch black and the inquiry of the people down below sounds just a little stupid. "What of the night?" they ask. But they know that the watchman is at a vantage point. He can see farther than they can. He knows the signs that herald the dawn. And he gives them the glad tidings that lead to the triumphant song of the chorus, "The night is departing, the day is at hand."

The imagery of that work by Mendelssohn is true of our own experience. The Allied statesmen have been on the watch tower through the long years of darkness. They gave us hope when the night seemed pitch black. Now we have seen for ourselves the clear break in the clouds.

The Man Who Smiled

But there is something more to be said. We may acknowledge that the war news is good. But that fact doesn't solve our personal troubles; the troubles nearer home. I met a man at lunch the other day who was full of complaints. Everything had gone wrong. The tax-gatherer gave him no peace, he couldn't save any money, his petrol allowance had been cut down.

"You can eat and drink and smoke and talk," I ventured.

"What's that to do with it?" he asked.

"I'll tell you," I went on. "Across the road in my hospital is a young fellow of thirty. He has had a growth cut out from the tube below his throat. He can't eat or drink—he has to be fed artificially. He liked a cigarette, but that pleasure has gone, too. He can't even speak to his fiancée who sits patiently by his bedside. And yet when I saw him this morning he smiled, and in response to my inquiry, his lips formed the words "I'm feeling better."

Do you remember the old Arab saying, "I murmured that I had no shoes until I met a man who had no feet?" That's the strange thing about life. We can always find people who are worse off than ourselves. And so we come to another prescription. When we are inclined to grumble about our lot, let us reverse the process and adopt the old Puritan creed of counting our blessings. It's an invigorating pastime.

Unlike many other countries, our land has not been conquered and devastated by the enemy. We have not been persecuted by the *Gestapo*.

We have not gone hungry, for, though our food has not been lavish, it has been sufficient.

We have not had any serious epidemic.

Cure for Boredom

This is not all. Whilst we are thinking of our blessings, let us remember the other gifts life has to offer, gifts that we are inclined to take for granted. What I have in mind is what Ruskin called "the eternal indestructibles."

The first is the pleasure that comes from reading. "Books are the medicine chest of the soul," says an inscription over the public library in Philadelphia. That's perfectly true. A good book is the finest cure for boredom.

By a good book I don't necessarily mean a classic. It can be a work of fiction, a romantic novel, a detective yarn, a biography. It can be a modern production or one from the past. I could not count the happy hours I have spent with Dickens. Few companions can be so cheery and gay as the irrepressible Mr. Pickwick. The very names of his fellow-conspirators create a chuckle—Nathaniel Winkle, Augustus Snodgrass, Sergeant Buzfuzz and, of course, Samuel Weller.

Books are amongst the very few things exempt from coupons and purchase tax. The Government was wise to make that concession.

Music is another of life's immortals. When I was on the Brains Trust recently, someone asked the question: "How is it that though I have no ear for music I can enjoy listening to it?" The simple answer is that it isn't necessary to be an expert to discover that "music hath charms."

Your Second Self

Most of us have found that in recent years. We have had brought into our homes, programmes that minister to every desire. Just by turning a knob we can have the widest choice from Tchaikovsky to Irving Berlin, from symphony to jazz, from the lilting waltz of Johann Strauss to the romping march of Sousa. But there's a danger here. Things that are obtained easily and cheaply are never really appreciated. Don't let us make that mistake with music.

Then ought we not to be grateful for the gift of friendship?

Cicero, hundreds of years ago in Rome, declared, "A friend is, as it were, a second self." W. B. Maxwell describes the ideal friend in his fine novel "The Eternal Flame." Here it is: "He made it easy to go to him in time of trouble, and there I would open my heart, seek his counsel, confess my weakness and lean on his strength. I knew that, come what may, he would never let me down."

One of the good things that has come out of this war is the kindling of the friendly spirit.

Books, music and friends. These can be our precious possessions.

Is the list of our blessings exhausted? By no means. Just take a sheet of paper and write down those things that you would miss terribly if they were taken from you. You'll be surprised how many there are. The love of your dear ones, the joy of children, a good night's sleep, health of mind and of body, sight to read, ears to hear, the strength to work.

When you remember all these things, you won't throw up your hands, you will lift up your hearts.

The illuminated Christmas tree outside the church of St. Martin in the Fields, London. It symbolises a peace-time Christmas—but even in war we can still count our many blessings

Human Machine

HERITAGE

NEARLY 2,500 YEARS ago Pericles, the great Athenian statesman, delivered a funeral oration over the Athenians who had fallen in battle.

Listen to just a few words of it. "Our constitution is named a democracy, because it is in the hands not of the few but of the many. But our laws secure equal justice for all in their private disputes, and our public opinion welcomes and honours talent in every branch of achievement. . . .

"We acknowledge the restraint of reverence . . . We are lovers of beauty without extravagance, and lovers of wisdom without unmanliness. Wealth to us is not mere material for self-glory, but an opportunity for achievement; and poverty we think it no disgrace to acknowledge, but a real degradation to make no effort to overcome.

"We secure our friends not by accepting favours, but by doing them. . . . The whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; and their story is not graven only on stone over their native earth, but lives on far away, without visible symbol, woven into the stuff of other men's lives. For you now it remains to rival what they have done, knowing the secret of happiness to be freedom, and the secret of freedom a brave heart."

When you read this it makes you wonder if we—and the Athenians—have progressed very far from those days, despite all the things we choose to regard as signs that we are "civilised." Man has a heritage of which up to now he has made singularly little use.

No Sense in Christmas

THERE'S NO SENSE in Christmas, if you come to think it out. And that ought to show us what to do.

I mean, of course, the secular festival, the back-slapping, stocking-filling, merry time that comes, strangely, only once a year.

Strangely? Yes, strangely. Because, after all, sense in it or not, it works. It's a 100 per cent. success. And I doubt if you can say that about anything else that modern man has invented.

Think. From January to the end of December you spend most of your time snarling at your neighbours, telling the kids to be quiet and arguing with that impossible fellow Robinson.

Mind, you're being perfectly sensible. You're doing the right thing.

Your neighbour ought to be snarled at. Your neighbour is a public nuisance. He lets his dog bark when it shouldn't. He lights his garden fire in a wind that just must blow all the smoke over into your house.

And your kids ought to be told to be quiet. With the din they make it's impossible for you to think, or even to lead your life in a normal way. Kids should be made to understand.

As for Robinson, the fool is so obviously wrong about everything that you're only taking on a public duty when you point out to him how wrong he is. In fact, you deserve a medal.

But is your sense appreciated? Not a bit of it. Your neighbours have to be snarled at more than ever, your kids make more noise than they made before, and Robinson is more impossible than he ever was.

Then comes the end of December. You wish your neighbour a Merry Christmas, and he comes apart in smiles and doesn't light his garden fire at all. You shove toys and things down your kids' stockings and they cover you with cuddles and just being with them is fun. You slap Robinson on the back and call him "old man" and stand him a sherry and he gives you a cigar and you don't know when you've thought so highly of a man.

BUT *why* all this? I don't know. It's senseless.

I think we're a bit mad at Christmas

But when you consider how sane we are at other times, it gives you a bit of a jolt.

When you consider how sensible we are in the matters of snarling at our neighbours and repressing our kids and putting that impossible fool Robinson in his place; when you reflect on the *sound commonsense* which goes into the making of such things as income-tax and Nazidom and prisons and adulterated food and official forms and a million other things, it makes you think that about the only time we are right in our heads is that little bit of time at the end of the year when we go off them.

I wonder why we do it? If we knew, perhaps we'd have a few other Christmasses scattered about at such times as April and the end of July.

MR. X.

OPEN LETTERS

The Marchioness of Bristol,

Ickworth, Bury St. Edmunds

MY LADY,—Your suggestion that men coming back to their homes from the war fronts should not be given more than £1 in cash as a token of welcome because "if they got more in money they would be likely to fritter it away, possibly on drink," shows just how solicitous you are about the welfare of men whose courage and resolve have safeguarded such magnificent estates as yours.

One pound represents a penny to every ten acres of your spacious park. It purchases part of the weekly service of one of your staff. It is a fraction of your weekly income. Its buying power, on pre-war standards, is about 9s.

Perhaps some of our warriors on land, at sea, and in the air would like to restrict your spending power to £1 on occasions of festivity. I would.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. George W. Lucas,

President, Motor Agents' Association

DEAR MR. LUCAS,—Of all the contributions to the vexed controversy over Government control, yours ranks as one of the frankest and most sensible.

"If," you told your audience, "any section of industry or trade sets out to exploit consumers, then it cannot for long escape control in the national interest."

The consumer *has* been exploited in the past; is being exploited to-day. Look, for instance, at the insolent fleecing of the public by the makers of rubbishy toys. Yet the consumer keeps on paying through the nose and wonders vaguely why he should be duped by profiteers.

Wouldn't it be wiser to safeguard the consumers' interests *now*, and not wait for the "easy money" gentry to go ahead on their sinister ways? We have been too long-suffering as a nation. It's time we, the consumers, made our stand in our own interests.—JOHN BULL.

Councillor E. Austen,

Harwich Town Council

DEAR SIR,—What's come over your stupid council? You have protested against its "hush-hush" policy in regard to post-war plans—"hammering nails into the coffin of democracy," were your words.

Why don't you start a crusade? Are Harwich ratepayers sheep? Are they so apathetic that they will accept without question this municipal dictatorship? Have they so little interest in their own affairs that they permit councillors to decide in secret what's going to happen to *their* town?

These under-cover meetings of committees, barred alike to Press and public, are bad local government. They are insulting to the intelligence of ratepayers; and they foster suspicion that things are not what they should be. Get going. You have the backing of—JOHN BULL.

Your New Life

AN END TO MUD

COUNTRYMEN WHO HAVE had to tramp or cycle through lanes deep with mud may soon be walking dryshod even after a heavy downpour.

A group of chemists have learned how to prevent earth turning into mud.

In short, they have made soil waterproof.

The secret of the treatment is a resinous powder which, mixed with the soil, sheds water so effectively that a stretch of lane has been known to remain *dusty* during a heavy rainstorm.

The research workers have christened their new product Stabinol, because its effect is to stabilise the earth.

That this stabilisation will become a widespread practice is almost certain, for the process is not only 100 per cent. effective, but has the unusual added advantages of being quick, simple, and cheap.

In fact, the process consists simply of taking a quantity of Stabinol equal to 1 per cent. of the amount of soil to be treated, harrowing it in to a depth of 6 in., and rolling the surface.

This treatment is well-nigh the perfect one for country lanes, for its cost is only a tiny fraction of that needed for laying, say, a macadam surface, and a Stabinol-treated surface will stay hard and firm, even after lying under snow for weeks on end.

Surfaces so treated become free of grass and weeds, which cannot live because their roots are deprived of water.

Incidentally, gravel drives can now be permanently weed-free and permanently dry.

There will be no shortage of Stabinol, for it is derived from an apparently inexhaustible supply of cheap pine-tree resins.

It has already been used with great effect on battlefield airstrips, which, useless after heavy rain, can now be operated in any weather.

H. H.

Captain Crookshank

Rt. Hon. Harry Crookshank, M.P.

Postmaster-General

DEAR P.M.G.,—Criticism at a time li this, when the Post Office is stru gling through millions of letters a mountains of parcels, may seem unkin But the matter is urgent and needs i mediate attention.

Men in the Merchant Navy, especial those in the Mediterranean, compla bitterly to me of the inefficien of the Air Mail service. One read reports that fifteen air letters ha taken over three months to rea him. Many others have taken six ten weeks.

"Why," he asks, "are our people home having to put 6d. stamps on lett which arrive no sooner than surfa mail?" I don't know the answer. you?

If this delay is general, the whole mail system needs drastic overha Your department has always prid itself on its efficiency. Can it be pro of this branch of its service?

Many of the men are anxious abo their families who are in parts of E land vulnerable to V-bombs. T reason alone should spur your expe into action. Don't let's have that slog "It's quicker by air mail" turned into poor joke.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Col. Llewellin, M.P.

Minister of Food

DEAR COLONEL LLEWELLIN.—So, desp all your efforts, the Black Marketee have beaten you again. Regulatio aimed at a fair distribution of turke at controlled prices have failed.

Because of that people who can afford to pay Black Market prices w not get a taste of turkey or any oth poultry next Monday.

The trouble, of course, lies primar in the selfishness of people with much money. They are the real ca of the inflated price racket. No one c blame you for their greed and we nesses.

But you were not drastic enough your attempt to stop the ramp. N Christmas, don't control turkeys—re sition them. Pay market prices and tribute the birds to the shops thro your own organisation. That will the racket.—JOHN BULL.

Portraits—No. 5

THE MAN WITH LIBERAL IDEAS

by A. G. GARDINER

Sir William Beveridge, seen by George Whitelaw

★ Next to Mr. Churchill, the most significant figure in the public life of the country is Sir William Beveridge. His plan for the future made him famous over night, yet few realise that social problems have been his constant study for over forty years. As long ago as 1905 he was a member of the Central Unemployed Body for London and in 1909 published his monumental treatise, "Unemployment." However, Sir William has his lighter side. He has published "John and Irene, An Anthology of Thoughts on Woman" and, during the last war, he was the inventor of a submarine war game which he called "Swish."

BYRON PUBLISHED A POEM and "woke to find himself famous." Sir William Beveridge published a report and woke to find all England chanting his name. And not all England only.

All the world took up the refrain. Beveridge ceased to be a mere man. He became an embodied idea, a social gospel, a revelation.

Even the thunders of the war could not drown his message. Even the glory of Churchill could not, in the language of Bill Sikes, "dowse his glim."

The Press, from *The Times* downward, hailed him as a prophet, Parliament resounded with his praises, and even pulpits discussed "the gospel according to Beveridge."

Partly the sensation was due to "timing." The report chimed in with the anxieties of the time. At last the tide of the war had turned. Victory might be far off, but it was no longer in doubt, and men's minds, full of the tragedy of unemployment that followed the last war, were anxiously scanning the horizon of the future.

Would that tragedy be repeated? Could it be avoided? How could it be avoided?

He Rang the Bell

And here was a scheme that heroically faced the problem, and seemed to offer a solution. No wonder it "made the bells ring."

Beveridge would not claim that he alone conceived the scheme. Three books lie at the foundation of British social progress: Booth's "Life and Labour of the People," Beveridge's "Unemployment," and Rowntree's "Poverty."

But it is true to say that Beveridge had the key idea—national insurance. The war on unemployment has been the master motive of his life, and insurance has been the instrument of his strategy.

One evening forty years ago I went to dine with Canon Barnett at Toynbee Hall, and there I met a group of young men for the most part fresh from Oxford, who had come down to the East End to study the social problem.

Several of them, like Arthur Salter and R. H. Tawney, have since done distinguished service to the State.

But I remember chiefly the impression made on me by a young Scotsman (born in Bengal) of very pronounced features—long nose, broad brow, wide mouth, resolute chin—and of vivid, confident bearing. It was William Beveridge.

He had given up brilliant academic prospects at Oxford in order to be sub-warden to Barnett at Toynbee. And there (earning his living meanwhile by writing for the *Morning Post*) he carried out those researches into the life of Darkest London that were embodied in 1909 in his monumental treatise on "Unemployment."

In this, the first exposé of the modern problem of unemployment, it is significant that he analysed it in the terms of abolishing casual labour.

The book established his reputation as a social thinker of new and original power, and brought him to the notice of Mr. Churchill, then at the Home Office, and eager for expert help in finding a solution to the problem of unemployment.

The result was the establishment of the Labour Exchanges, and Beveridge's first public appointment was as Director of the system.

Thenceforward he was a power behind the scenes in Whitehall. Any Minister who found himself in a tight place had one remedy. It was to "send for Will Beveridge."

Thus when war came in 1914, Lord Devonport, as Food Minister, got rationing into a hopeless jam.

In the critical days of 1917, when the U-boat was doing its worst, and food was getting scarcer as the queues grew longer, it was a nice question whether famine would end the war in favour of Germany before our army could end it in favour of ourselves.

Then, two great Civil Servants, Beveridge and Stephen Tallents, were called to the rescue. It is said that in a single afternoon these two gifted men mastered the problem, and outlined a scheme which, though not perfect, was simple, just and easily workable.

It was put into operation at once, with immediate success, and, together with the adoption of the convoy system, averted the imminent peril.

Bevin Sent for Him

So in the present war. When Bevin was worried about the organisation of our man-power in the early days of the war, it was to Beveridge he appealed to unravel the problem.

His report alarmed the War Office, and was sat on for a time, but it was published in the end, and clarified the great question of the distribution of man-power.

His remedies were not always accepted. Called upon hastily to produce a fuel rationing plan, his scheme was turned down, wisely or unwisely is not for me to say.

But much the most fruitful summons to him was that which came from Arthur Greenwood when, as Minister in charge of post-war reconstruction, he, in 1941, appointed Sir William chairman of a committee to prepare a new Social Security Charter.

It was the prodigious report of this committee, written with his own hand, and supplemented by his subsequent "Full Employment in a Free Society," that has made his name a battle-cry in the land.

That battle-cry has swept Public, Press, and Parliament. It has fired the Government with a spirit of emulation.

It has given form and impetus to the politics of the future, and defined the goal to which we move.

And it has left Beveridge himself, next to Churchill, the most significant figure in the public life of the country.

His Next Ten Years

What will he do with the influence that has come so belatedly to him? For he is 65, and that is a late hour to emerge from behind the scenes into the spotlight of the public stage.

But he is at the zenith of his powers, and as both his parents, I think, lived till they were past ninety, he may be expected to have an effective decade before him.

He has clearly made up his mind. He has put off his old academic life, and stripped himself for the battle-field. For 25 years he has been the head of colleges, first of the London School of Economics, and next of the University College, Oxford.

He is also Vice-Chancellor of the University of London, and in that capacity has collected vast sums, chiefly in America, for educational purposes here.

Much of that money is represented by the noble pile of buildings in which the University of London is now housed.

But he has cut the painter with the past. He has resigned the Mastership of University College. He has gone into Parliament as Liberal Member for Alnwick, and has promptly shown that he is a Parliamentarian "to the manner born."

Incidentally, he has gone far to put the Liberal Party on the political map again. Two wars and the rise of Labour have left it the shade of what was once so great.

A New Political Force

But now that the largest political fish that has been roving the deep has fallen to its net, its stock will rise. It will become the authentic spearhead of the attack on the Apollyon of Unemployment.

The prestige of Beveridge's life-long battle with that Apollyon will become its asset.

His cardinal doctrine of national insurance as the key to a stable and prosperous society will give it an acceptable policy.

Of the validity of that policy he is the witness. He is still, I think, the Chairman of the Statutory Committee of Unemployment Insurance, and the record of that Fund is an astounding testimony to what national insurance can do to revolutionise society

In 1942 the Unemployment Fund had a credit balance of £134,000,000, and this after having paid back all the debts incurred in the great slump of the 'thirties.

Whether Sir William will be in office after the next election is an idle speculation. But whether on the Treasury Bench or on a back bench, he will be one of the great personal forces of the new Parliament.

NEXT WEEK:
ANTHONY EDEN

A Million Fine Women

All part-timers of the W.V.S., they have helped Ministers in Whitehall and mothers in a thousand streets

Making camouflage nets is just one little-known duties of the W.V.S.

RECENTLY, ON A NIGHT when flying bombs brought havoc to a London suburb, the A.R.P. services swung into action swiftly and effectively.

It caused me no surprise to find that members of the Women's Voluntary Services arrived on the scene almost on the heels of the rescue squads.

These members of an army of a million magnificent women play their part as front-line troops on the home front. They render a service that is often so much taken for granted that not many hear about the good work done.

Immediately on arrival at the flying bomb "incident," the W.V.S. established an Incident Inquiry Point. Usually this is done in a room of a not too badly blasted house, but in this instance the "office" was set up in a motor-trailer. The concern of the W.V.S. women was with those who had been rescued or had escaped from the wreckage.

Some with very slight injuries were sent to hospital, while others were taken or directed to a rest centre until more permanent homes could be found for them.

In a near-by house a W.V.S. woman was comforting a mother who only a few hours before had given birth to a son.

Saved the Situation

Air raid incidents are just another job of work to the W.V.S. For this organisation is as versatile as it is efficient in giving a helping hand where and when it is most needed.

In the days of the blitz, when evacuation problems were a severe headache to the Minister of Health and the Minister of Home Security, the W.V.S. did a great deal to relieve the situation.

The women were soon at work in hastily improvised kitchens providing meals to be eaten by evacuee mothers and children on long train journeys. They shepherded parties on to trains. They helped billeting officers to find homes for these new arrivals in towns and villages. They arranged for the supply and distribution of clothing for evacuated school children. They formed working parties to make garments for the youngsters.

When I called recently at the headquarters of the W.V.S. in Tothill Street, London, I began to get a picture of the colossal variety of work tackled in London and the provinces, in Service canteens, in British Restaurants, in hospitals, in village halls, in bombed areas, and in the shelled towns on the Channel coast.

When I was told recently that the W.V.S. in Northamptonshire had done a fine job of meat-pie making, I was not surprised. The surprise came when I learned that the women not only made these sixpenny pies, but had also made a profit in just under twelve months of £10,000 as the result of their rural food distribution scheme. These live-wire women are now making jam tarts to sell at 1½d. each, and planning to sell 12,000 daily.

The profits are handed over to an independent committee for investment in war savings.

However, I shall be happier to learn that they have increased the size of the pies, and reduced the size of the profits.

The W.V.S. has become official sock-darner to the Army. Each week 38,500 pairs are darned. Only recently the W.V.S. in a small country town received three sacks full of R.A.F. underwear from a local aerodrome for repair and renovation. In the same area there came a request for members to sew the coloured braid round the edges of 800 American Service caps.

Work parties have made up 440,600 yards of material, and they have knitted 25,000 lb. of wool into garments for evacuated children.

Help for Mothers

The W.V.S. do more than "home" work. There are 1,040 W.V.S. Service canteens. Of these, 114 are mobile. No less than 8,029,000 meals are served in a month.

Harassed mothers with large families who suffer from clothing troubles find in the W.V.S. a source of help. Mobile "Swop Shops" have recently been organised to link up villages and towns.

Another feature of rural life are the W.V.S. Volunteer Car Pools. Local people with cars put their names down and can be called on for special journeys. Extra petrol is supplied by the W.V.S., and, of course, strict logs of the trips are kept.

Old Mr. Smith, for instance, has to go from his outlying village to the local hospital. He is not an ambulance case, but is not fit to travel by the overcrowded local 'bus. So the hospital applies to the W.V.S. and a car is provided.

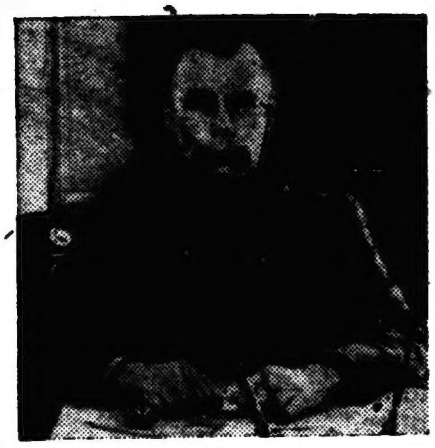
In another instance, a man on urgent Government work arrives by train in the morning and there is no 'bus to take him to his destination twelve miles away until evening. Once again the W.V.S. steps in and a member of the Volunteer Car Pool drives him.

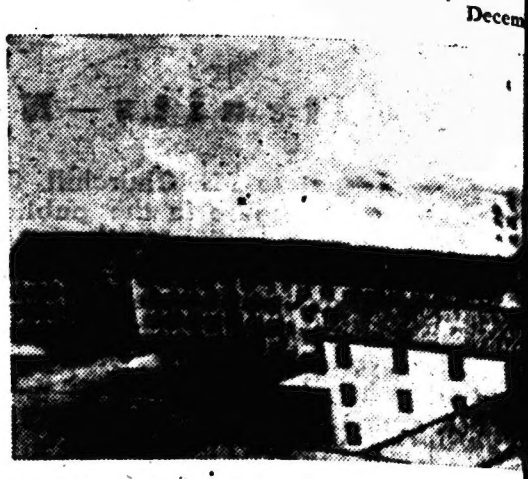
Typical of the human touch which is characteristic of the W.V.S. happened in a Northern mining town. The Bevin boys arriving in the district felt lonely and homesick until members decided to "adopt" them and give them a new home and social life.

As I write, members of the W.V.S. who are free to go are getting ready to cross the Channel to help in the rehabilitation of the people made homeless by war.

Mr. Herbert Morrison, M.P., Home Secretary and Minister for Home Security, paid the W.V.S. a true and well-deserved tribute when he said that it consisted of "a million magnificent women."

HARRY FOWLER.





General W. Bedell Smith—was able to plan pin-point bombing of the Gestap H.Q. because o

THE BIG THREE OF

How their secrets led to military triumphs is revealed this instalm

THE OUTSTANDING FIGURE in Intelligence activity during the war is Major-General K. W. D. Strong, O.B.E., who is Assistant Chief of Staff (Intelligence) at Supreme Headquarters.

He was one of the two men selected by General Eisenhower to negotiate with the secret emissaries sent by Italy to get herself out of the war. Kenneth Strong was then a Brigadier; the other representative of the United Nations was Lieut.-General W. Bedell Smith, who to-day is Eisenhower's Chief of Staff.

General Strong knew better than any other man the military dispositions of Italy. He had in his possession a dossier collected by our Intelligence Services, showing the location of every unit in the Italian armed forces.

He also spoke Italian fluently, and when the representatives of Badoglio arrived to negotiate surrender, in Lisbon on August 19 last year, he had the responsible task of seeing that the facts supplied by the Italian negotiators corresponded with those gained by our Intelligence.

Guiding Our Bombers

He knew so much about the Italian situation that he was able to assure the War Cabinet and the State Department in Washington, through General Eisenhower, that the Italians were in earnest, and giving all the information they could.

One of the highly interesting facts he learned was that a very important German headquarters was situated in a row of tall buildings in the Rome suburb of Frascati. Our air reconnaissance had already noted the large number of cars parked daily outside these buildings; the Italians confirmed that it was a German nerve-centre.

A few days later our bombers flattened it. Key targets at Bolzano and in the Brenner Pass were also knocked out—because General Strong got the facts.

The dramatic meeting at Lisbon had an important sequel in which a short-wave radio transmitter played a central part. When the Italians returned with our terms to Rome, they took this transmitter, so that Badoglio's coded answer could be flashed immediately to General Eisenhower in Algiers. The Italian radio stations could not have been used, as the Germans controlled them.

The message from Badoglio duly arrived, after an agonising wait of seven days.

When the Italians arrived later in Algiers for the final negotiations of surrender, General Strong took an important part in clinching the terms, because, from certain remarks which the Italians let slip among themselves in private conversation, he realised that they were not completely sure of the military preponderance of the Anglo-American Forces.

They had forgotten his command of Italian. He and General Bedell Smith promptly remedied this by dropping ominous hints of an impending all-out offensive by our Forces. The Italians immediately signed the surrender.

To-day, General Strong has the responsible task of ensuring that Eisenhower and Montgomery have a complete picture of enemy dispositions.

Strong's deputy is a shrewd American officer, Brigadier-General T. J. Bennett, who is an eager exponent of the many new ideas which American Intelligence (or G.2, as they call it) has brought into operation.

There was a considerable reshuffling of posts just before D-day among the higher officers of the three Intelligence divisions of our Services. Men who for years had been tirelessly directing the collection of information about the enemy were given important posts in the Allied Expeditionary Force.

Major-General F. H. H. Davidson, who was Director of Military Intelligence up till the invasion of the Continent, has been given a new post.

General Davidson helped to change our understaffed Military Intelligence (it was the Cinderella of the Services) into one of the most formidable instruments of our striking power.

It is no accident that, there are more officers in Military Intelligence to-day who were trained in the Royal Artillery than from any other branch of the Army. The stern and intensive tuition which Artillery officers receive in scientific subjects equips them well to deal with the problems of this scientific war.

World-Wide Net

I can print little about the details of Intelligence training, but it is interesting to note that the school, directed by Captain Mansfield Cumming, which was set up in London to train agents in the last war, worked almost exclusively on a scientific curriculum.

Major-General Davidson probably had a wider area of operations than any Intelligence chief has ever had to cope with before. He had sections working all over the world, in tactical espionage and counter-espionage

M.I.5, whic article, was tion of his by a colon which con self.

Major-G handicap of Europe tion, our mostly on land.

Even to undergrou quered cou ordinary d telligence A few days Continent General D plete accu infantry in the beache held in a any kind.

Military all the cre share of This great Air Vice-M Chief of A

The pro and Vice-M to be dissi the same every char grouping methods a other.

The situ in the air swiftly, ne must be h the keyno

I have plicated through r waiting Interpreta in this wa covered marshallin activity, bombers h

Not onl speed don the stra counts in to key in stantly re objectives

Air Co D.F.C., w Operation D-day; n important cessor's r Leonard

H.Q. because of Secret Service facts provided by — Maj.-General K. W. D. Strong

OF INTELLIGENCE

this instalment of DONALD STOKES' "Spies—the Facts"

M.I.5, which I dealt with in my first article, was a comparatively small section of his Directorate, and was headed by a colonel. The largest was M.I.11, which concentrated on Germany itself.

Major-General Davidson's greatest handicap was that as such a large area of Europe was under Hitler's domination, our Intelligence had to operate mostly on the fringes of this mass of land.

Even to keep in touch with the underground movements of the conquered countries was a feat of extraordinary difficulty. But Military Intelligence did not fall down on the job. A few days before the invasion of the Continent was due to start, Major-General Davidson reported, with complete accuracy, that all the German infantry in France were on or close to the beaches, and that no infantry was held in a G.H.Q. strategical reserve of any kind.

Military Intelligence would not want all the credit for that. An important share of it goes to Air Intelligence. This great organisation is headed by Air Vice-Marshal F. E. Inglis, Assistant Chief of Air Staff (Intelligence).

The problems of General Davidson and Vice-Marshal Inglis might appear to be dissimilar, but really they have the same basis; they have to know every change as it takes place in the grouping of the enemy. But their methods are quite distinct from each other.

The situation can change so rapidly in the air war, blows can be struck so swiftly, new targets discovered which must be hit immediately, that speed is the keynote of Air Intelligence.

I have already described the complicated instruments which rush through reconnaissance photos to the waiting stereoscopic lenses of the Interpretation Unit. Scores of times in this war, our aerial spies have discovered convoys setting out, or marshalling-yards showing unusual activity, and within a few hours our bombers have struck.

Not only on the tactical side does speed dominate Air Intelligence. On the strategic, too, every minute counts in assessing the damage done to key industrial targets, and in constantly revising the "Priority List" of objectives.

Air Commodore L. F. Pendred, D.F.C., was Director of Intelligence Operations in the crucial years up to D-day; now he has received another important assignment, and his successor's name cannot be revealed.

Leonard Pendred, a shy, retiring man, was the brain behind the great blows struck ceaselessly by our bombers and intruder fighters in weakening German industry and communications. Much of this work was done in collaboration with the Ministry of Economic Warfare, which had a vast amount of information about the enemy's position in specialised industries.

Air Vice-Marshal C. E. H. Medhurst, a former Chief of Air Staff (Intelligence) says that Air Intelligence is applied common-sense. Air Commodore Pendred and his men proved they had more than their share of that virtue on D-day. The information which they supplied of enemy headquarters, troop movements and strongpoints was a decisive factor in the crushing blow we were able to inflict.

And what of the sea war? Well, the Admiralty has had two remarkable figures at the head of Naval Intelligence. The first was Vice-Admiral J. H. Godfrey, who now holds an important post in the Far East Forces; the second is 51-year-old Commodore E. G. N. Rushbrooke, who has held the post since March last year.

Admiral Godfrey had the unusual task of conducting the Intelligence of a British Navy which was on the defensive; in the crucial years when we stood alone with over-extended sea-lanes of supply, he had to be able to advise where and how our few ships should be sent.

Our Secret Betrayed

His successor, Commodore Rushbrooke, has had the no less onerous task of detecting each effort of the enemy to cripple our sea-power by desperate resorts. The "human torpedoes," the radio-controlled boats containing explosives, the electrically-controlled sea-minefields, did not come as surprises to us. We had made preparations to meet them; Commodore Rushbrooke's men had given the warning.

Naval Intelligence has suffered grievious blows in this war, through no fault of its own. One of our dearest secrets was the Asdic apparatus, which warns of the approach of enemy submarines; French quislings presented this secret to the Germans, and also our radiolocation apparatus, which we had shown to them as allies.

But to-day we have many more new secrets, and all three branches of our Intelligence are making sure that Germany does not find out about them —except in the way that hurts most.

NEXT WEEK: SECRET SERVICE IN ACTION

Hannen Swaffer Talks

ABOUT PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

I HAD, A FEW DAYS AGO, one of the most remarkable audiences I have ever known. And I have spoken in prisons, in a Zeppelin, in a coal-mine, on the top of a mountain, and to a large crowd of blind folk in Trafalgar Square.

I addressed, in a hospital ward, scores of men and women—yes, there was even a child among them!—who are undergoing, in the care of Dr. McIndoe, the miracle worker, treatment for burned faces and scorched hands.

The Master Surgeon

Not only does he carve, and graft, airmen's faces back into a semblance of what they were before they fell in a blazing 'plane. He has to soothe their nerves, and give them heart again. Some go through a dozen operations.

The great surgeon treats, too, victims of the blitz, women who have been blasted by bombs. The child was a little boy who had been playing with a high-explosive shell.

"Are you sure you won't be shocked by what you see?" asked McIndoe when I arrived.

No, I had met some of his patients before.

Indeed, my chat with a group of them became so animated—"What shall we do with Germany?" was the theme—that I forgot not only the poor burned faces around me, but even the heroism and the endurance that had already trained them to forget.

Stories of the Great

My lecture, which consisted of stories about Churchill, L. G., Northcliffe, Chaplin, G. B. S. and Chaliapin, the six most interesting people I had met, was delivered, and laughed at, as though the audience was an ordinary one in a public hall.

Their applause—well, I should have been cheering them!

Britain, we owe more to these heroes than we can ever repay. Let us repay, with a better world, all that we can—and, by settling Europe with tolerance and good will, stop another war!

"Naughty Boy" Triumphs

ANEURIN BEVAN was the star of the Labour Party conference. Despite the enmity his frankness has won for him in official circles, he was elected to the Socialist executive for the first time. More, he received, both times he spoke, much more applause than Attlee, or any Minister, got.

The *enfant terrible* of the Party, the first M.P. who dared to challenge Churchill in the height of his war time fame, one of the finest orators and the quickest thinker in the Commons, and a Parliamentarian to whom the veteran Earl Winterton, a political opponent, recently paid a glowing tribute, he has gained vast support among the rank and file.

AS SEEN BY FEM

Once Winston's Chum

Who, hearing him, would imagine that he was a poor pit boy who, at the Labour College, had to spend hours in his room, conquering a terrible stammer, while his comrades studied? His conversation scintillates. His acidity is sweetened by a captivating smile.

When Winston was in the wilderness, he and Aneurin were almost chummy. Soon, one became the nation's idol—and the other the iconoclast, the idol-breaker.

Well, L. G. won his Parliamentary fame by attacking Joseph Chamberlain, then the master of the House, and a man feared by almost everyone. . . .

Heresy Hunts

Bevan edits the *Tribune*, without pay. So far, he has striven hard for the masses, without much thanks.

Now, Mrs. Aneurin Bevan, better known as Jennie Lee, is back in the Labour Party. So is Stafford Cripps, another of the "naughty ones."

"I would keep them out," shouted a veteran trade unionist to me when he heard.

Heresy-hunting and too much "dotted line" discipline stand in the way of Labour's being regarded as a national Party. Youth is going Left. Some older union leaders talk almost like Tories.

Why, one speaker at the conference referred to the "crime" I had committed by speaking at an Anglo-Soviet meeting! I thought we were now supposed to be all pro-Russian.

Wasted 'Plane

BASIL DEAN, head of E.N.S.A., is flying abroad again, this time to India and Burma! He has been almost everywhere else, travelling almost in state, like Noel Coward.

But what the troops want is entertainment, not Coward and Dean.

Dean could find out what is needed by asking the local commands, just as Coward, in pre-war days, had only to ask a Portsmouth cinema proprietor what films the sailors preferred.

Instead, as the guest of Lord Louis Mountbatten, but at the taxpayers' expense, he travelled round the Mediterranean. When he came home, he asked Arthur Jarrett, the biggest British buyer of films. That he could have done instead of going on a pleasure trip.

Taxed Heroism

YES, EVEN A V.C. pension is taxed! If your income is big enough, the Government takes back half of the £10 which it considers adequate payment for dauntless heroism.

As a protest, Jack White, a Jew, who won the coveted distinction in Mesopotamia in the last war, deducted the tax on his £10, and without the authorities saying anything for two years.

When, the third time, they did so, he said: "I tell you what I'll do. I'll refuse to draw the pension."

They told him, however, that as the V.C. was a personal conference by the King, this would be an insult to the Throne!

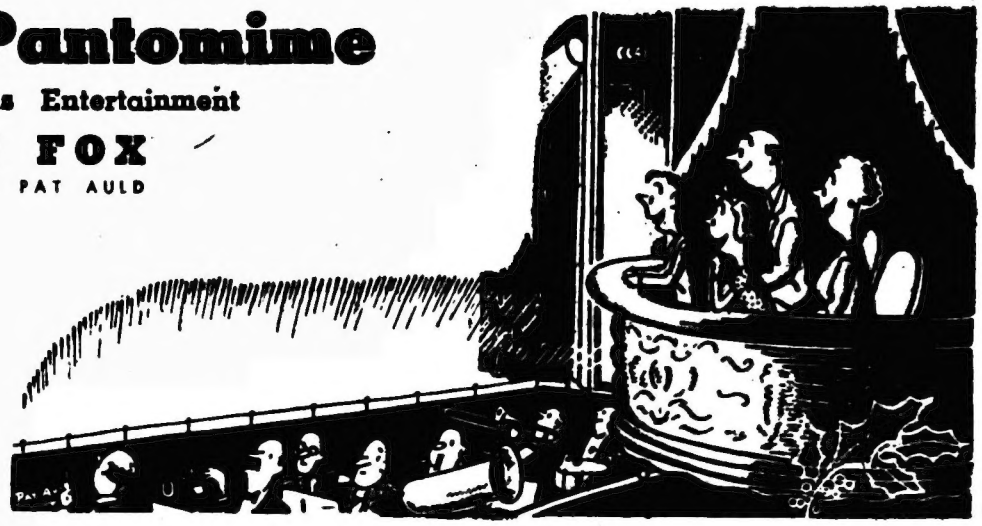
So he still pays the tax.

Planner's Pantomime

A Crazy Christmas Entertainment

by IAN FOX

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT AULD



THE scene is the kitchen-dining-living-room of a prefabricated tin house. Cinderella, clad in picturesque rags, is sitting in it of the stainless steel electronic doing nothing.

DERELLA:
hese houses are so labour-saving
or work I almost feel a craving.
pre:s a switch to wash the dishes,
nd sit all day just wishing wishes.

Enter the Ugly Sisters

UGLY SISTER:
Vhat, Cinderella! Wasting time?
Go mix me up a gin and lime.

UGLY SISTER:
nd fix my gown, don't shilly shally,
Ve dance to-night at the royal palais.

UGLY SISTER:
's out of bounds to "other ranks."

UGLY SISTER:
o matter, there'll be lots of Yanks.
(*They exit.*)

DERELLA (*sighing*):
Iy rations both my sisters swoop on,
hey've pinched my final clothing coupon.
've nought to wear and nought to spend,
Once more I must make do and mend.

Enter Fairy Godmother wearing a black jacket and striped trousers

RY GODMOTHER:
on't mind my Civil Service Manner—
m known as Fairy Social Planner.
wave my wand and in two ticks,
hat pumpkin is a coach and six.

Enter Colonel Llewellin, Minister of Food

LONEL LLEWELLIN:
ood comes first, you silly bumpkin,
urn back that coach into a pumpkin.

Enter the Demon King leading a chorus of Bevin Boys in chains

MON KING:
Ia, Cinderella! Am I wrong?
ren't you the age to join our throng?
Ve offer very good positions
n mines, on farms or at munitions.

Enter the Ugly Sisters

ou can't claim us because, you see.
Ve're working for a Ministry.

Enter dozens of Planners, Officials, berts, Members of Parliament, Peers Civil Servants, waving White ers, Blue Books and Priority Slips. They sing in chorus:

We plan, plan, plan, plan,
More and more and more.
Working hard as any man,
Each day from ten to four.

Enter a small, unwelcome voice from somewhere at the back:

he fiddling will be greater far than Nero's,
efore we get those houses fit for heroes.

e company breaks up in confusion the curtain comes down lop-sided the orchestra plays "My Future Just Passed."

ACT II

Scene: An aeroplane hangar decorated to look like a ballroom

1st UGLY SISTER:
Is that the Prince? There —— with the Censor?

2nd UGLY SISTER:
Good Lord, no——that's a man from E.N.S.A.

1st UGLY SISTER:
Ah, there he is. Oh, what a man!
I hope I am his post-war plan.

2nd UGLY SISTER:
My *dear*, dear Prince! So *pleased* to come!
Beg pardon, have you any gum?

PRINCE:
Say, who's that girl?

1st UGLY SISTER:
You silly feller,
That's no one—that's just Cinderella.

PRINCE (*walking up to Cinderella*):
Gee, honey, you're a swell li'l number,
Whaddsay you'n me hoof a rhumba?
(*They dance.*)

CINDERELLA:
Alas, at twelve I must leave here,
Or all my clothes will disappear.

PRINCE:
At midnight? Par'n my girlish laughter—
I guess it's near a quarter after.

CINDERELLA:
I am undone! Alas, alack!
I go—but I do not come back.

PRINCE:
Hey, c'm on here! Well, whaddya know?
I wish I'd seen her strip-tease show.

1st UGLY SISTER:
He wants to see her—only more so.

2nd UGLY SISTER:
Just wait till I display my torso!

She throws her costume into the wings. All the ladies of the chorus crowd round

the Prince, taking off their dresses and going into a strip-tease routine. The best looker among them steps forward and sings:

Strip tease may be spicy,
Without my clothes I'm icy,
But I've a hot-spot in my heart for you.

Enter a Warden

WARDEN:
You may be cold, your nose red-tipped,
But pardon me—your dim-out's slipped.

SINGER (*ignoring him*):
I don't sneeze and sniff,
When I'm frozen stiff,
'Cos I have got your love to warm me through.

VOICE FROM THE BACK: Like Monday's dinner.

Confusion and shouts of "Sssh!" "Give 'er a chance," "Who d'you think you are?" "Yes, you did." "No I never," until at last the curtain falls.

ACT III

A busy scene in the Black Market Place

1st STALLHOLDER:
Come on, girls! What am I bid?
Who wants a pram for fifty quid?

2nd STALLHOLDER:
Toys for kiddies' six wood blocks—
Only five-pun-ten a box.

3rd STALLHOLDER:
Silk stockings, dresses, blankets, sheets,
And lots of babies' bottle teats.

Enter various Ministers and Price Controllers, singing together:

We cannot tell, we do not know—
No information have we. Though

A few anomalies exist,
We cannot ehctually say desist.

Enter the Ugly Sisters, followed by the Town Crier

TOWN CRIER:
Hear all ye! The Prince has said,
That on the morrow he will wed
The girl who, with no need to force it,
Can wear this 'ere util'ty corset.
Now form a queue, outsizes fust—

1st UGLY SISTER:
I'll get inside it if I bust.

2nd UGLY SISTER:
Me first, me first! I'll wear it soon.

1st UGLY SISTER:
What you! You great barrage balloon!
Gimme, I'll fit the so-and-so, sir—
Oh Gawd! Quick, bring a big bulldozer.

CINDERELLA (*shyly*):
I love the Prince, and he loves me.
That corset's just my cup of tea.

She slips into it and everyone yells:
It fits! Let's celebrate the find
With joy and corsets unconfined.

Amid a terrific shouting and yelling, hundreds of people crowd on to the stage, including Sailors, Soldiers, Airmen, Firemen, Civil Defence, and, at last, Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin riding on an elephant

A voice is heard singing: "There'll always be a wee bit England as lang as Scotland's therrrre," but it is quickly drowned by the whole company singing "Rule Britannia," "Heart of Oak," "Is You Is or Is You Ain't Ma Baby?" "Land of Hope and Glory," and finally:

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Free Speech

Mischievous

Speak out freely from JOHN

A MARINE IN UNIFORM was seen leaving my friend's house at three in the morning. It was her brother, who had broken his journey going back from leave to see her. His train left again at 3.30 a.m. A woman neighbour saw him arrive, and, not knowing who the man was and taking no pains to find out, wrote to my friend's husband, inferring his wife had been "carrying on." Foolishly, the husband wrote an accusing letter to his wife. The day after he was among the paratroops dropped at Arnhem. He gave his life there, doubtless believing his wife unfaithful.

Her last letter, explaining everything, was one of the items returned with the dead man's effects. It had reached him too late, and was still unopened. A broken-hearted wife is left to mourn a husband who died thinking her a wanton. It was all due to a mischief-making neighbour. I send you my name and address but sign myself.—H. G. R. P.

Service Piffle

MY FRIEND IN ONE of the Services has been telling me about her latest compulsory lectures. The first was on "How to Keep House on £2 10s. a Week" by a lady wearing what looked like a seven-guinea model hat. Her suggestions included making furniture out of orange boxes, and the view that one room was sufficient when you're first married. No time was allowed for questions. Next week came an elderly professor who suggested his listeners should all emigrate after the war because unemployment would be far worse than ever before. Does anyone wonder why such official lectures are treated with contempt by the Services?—MRS. ELLEN BROWN, 20, Glyn Road, Birmingham, 32.

"Let Us Praise . . ."

VERY MANY THANKS for your editorial of December 2. It was certainly written at the right time. I wanted to be a fighter pilot and fly beside the Battle of Britain boys, but last Christmas I was called to the mines. It was a great blow at first, but I shall never regret it. I now work at the coal-face with five elderly miners, and I do not believe there is a finer set of people. Let's hope that through JOHN BULL they will not become another "Forgotten Army." — C. HUMPHREY, 2, Morven Street, Creswell, Worksop, Notts.

Inefficient Housewives

SINCE WORKING IN a factory, I have realised how methodically the work is planned and, in contrast, how inefficiently and sloppily the average housewife (myself included!) goes about her work.—MARY G. HEAD, London, S.W.1.

Counting His Chickens

BACK HOME AFTER three years in the East, I was congratulating myself on having escaped malaria when I suddenly went down with a splitting head, aches all over, and a high fever. I had been counting my chickens too soon—I'd not heard of delayed-action malaria. An Indian Army specialist in London told me that the parasite often remains dormant for anything from two to five years, waiting for lowered resistance—such as is brought about by a chill—to enable it to become active.

In view of the large number of men who will be returning from the East with

Neighbour

ULL'S Free Speech Platform

gacies of their service in unhealthy imates, might it not be a good thing if edical colleges were to extend their rriculum to include the more common opical diseases? At the present time e ordinary British doctor knows very ttle about such complaints as malaria nd dysentery—both very common in astern countries.—EX-INDIA, N.W.3.

Quick-Change Wife

HAVE STRAIGHT BLACK HAIR and I part it at the side. I should like to see my ife's face if I turned up for my leave ith red curly hair parted in the middle. Yet she does this trick on me. I never now when I arrive home what she is oing to look like. Sometimes her hair done in little rolls on top of her head, ometimes it hangs down the back of her eck. When I returned to my unit after e leave I left her with her usual light rown hair. Three months later I went n leave again and was met at the ation by a dazzling blonde. She hadn't old me about the change, so that "it ould be a surprise." It was.—CORPORAL, heetham, Manchester.

Hat Trick

AT THE END OF AN interview with a pro- spective employer I was asked to put y hat on. The employer, sweeping all y testimonials to one side, stared at e intently, and told me I could not have he job. Reason? He was something of psychologist and thought he could tell he character of a man by the way he ore his hat. Can you wonder that, as gathered my testimonials, I marvelled t the weird ways of this new commer- ial epidemic? Even the Army places reat faith in its psychological tests. When a few questions can cancel out xperience gained in a lifetime, it's time o call a halt to this craze.—L. T., Farn- am, Surrey.

Post-war Theatregoing

"TONIGHT AT 8.30," is the notice I look forward to seeing outside heatres as soon as possible—putting an nd to the fancy hours of opening mposed by blackout and transport difficulties.

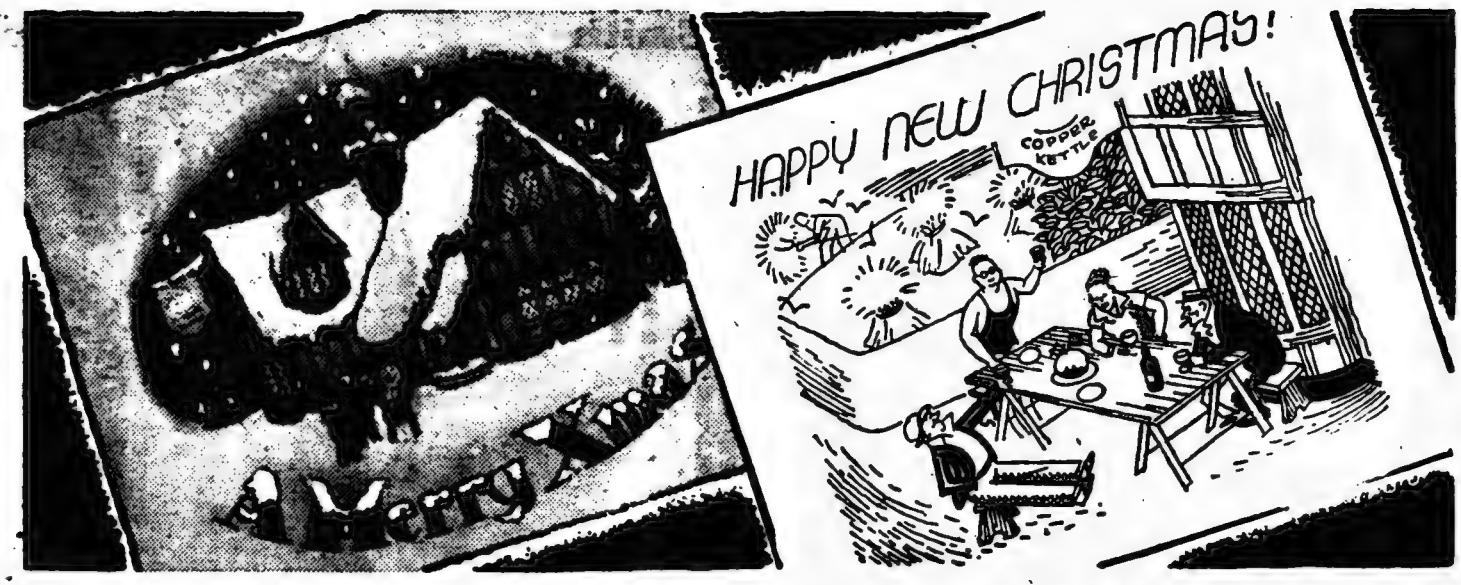
How can the average office worker attle with shows starting at 6 p.m.? It ust mean, if one tries it at all, an after- oon of uneasy clock-watching, a crambled clean-up, and a panting rrival with tickets booked in advance.

With normal opening times, one could o to the Pit in comfort, putting down stool before work, having time for a eisurely tea after leaving the office, and e in one's place in the queue long before he doors opened. To-day this pleasure confined to people on holiday.—Miss . HOWE, Balham, S.W.3.

Dreaming of a Quiet Christmas

NOWADAYS I'M ALWAYS meeting people wasting time, energy and temper ying round in circles trying to get urkeys, puddings, whisky, wine and hat-not for Christmas. Personally, I'm or a quiet life. I shall be eating and rinking as usual this week-end instead wearing myself out trying to get xtras.—T. JOHNSTON, Durham.

ONE GUINEA will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.



HAPPY NEW CHRISTMAS!

by WILL SCOTT

ILLUS. ATH B. OCAR SPENCELEY

DOBBIE IT WAS who, at first sight of the Copper Kettle, was the one to exclaim: "Now, *that's* a place to spend Christmas in—all snowed up, like in Dickens' time!"

Because you'd have said that to a man like Dobbie any pub would be just a pub. Dobbie, you see, was a prosaic little commercial traveller, going from end to end of the land in his battered little car, peddling samples of tin pans and brooms and lengths of lino and such things. You'd have said that a career like that would have knocked a love of the picturesque out of any man.

But Dobbie it was who spotted the Copper Kettle first and thought of its possibilities at Christmas-time. The four of us were holidaying down there the previous August.

"Can't you just see it!" said Dobbie. "Snowdrifts piled up at the door—cut off from civilisation—but warm and cosy inside—mince pies, turkey. . . ."

And the little pub had that look about it.

"Well," said Smith, with a nod. "Why not? We shall all have a few days off at Christmas. If this is the very place to spend Christmas in let's spend Christmas in it. Come inside and have one and let's see what the landlord says about booking rooms in advance."

And in we went and one we had, and while the landlady was finding the landlord we admired the beams and the big open fireplace and the view of the rolling country through the diamond-paned windows.

"It is really the very place," Bart agreed. "Oak benches, corner cupboards. . . . I wonder why Dickens left it out of his books? He can't have known it."

"Many's the time," said Dobbie, "that I've seen a place just like this in my dreams in Australia."

FOR DOBBIE, in many ways the most English of the four of us, had never seen England until after his twenty-third birthday.

"We could all get down on the Christmas Eve," said Bart, getting back to the idea.

"It's a marvellous notion," said I. "The snow 3 ft. deep outside and the grub 3 ft. deep inside. Just like an old Christmas card!"

But suddenly, to our surprise, Bart was shaking his head.

"It wouldn't work," he said.

"What wouldn't work?" we asked.

"I hate being disillusioned," said Dobbie. "I've been disillusioned too many times since I came to England. What we're seeing in our mind's eyes is this little wayside pub cut off from the wide world behind a bank of snow, with Christmas carols wafting on the breeze. But I wonder if they've ever seen a real Christmas like that in these parts?"

"Well, let's ask the landlord," said Smith, and the landlord came in at that moment.

"Snow?" he said, when we put it to him. "At Christmas? *Here?* Bless your hearts, it's as good here on Christmas Day as it is on Midsummer Day. Better, sometimes. I've been here twenty years and I've never seen snow at Christmas."

"I told you!" groaned Dobbie. "Good old English Dickensian Christmas!"

WE DRANK in silence, gloomily for a little while, and then all at once Smith got a new idea.

"What about this?" he said. "Since we can't have an old-fashioned Christmas at the Copper Kettle, why not a new-fashioned Christmas? If the weather's going to be eighty in the shade, like they expect, don't let's run away from it; let's take advantage of it."

"As how?" we asked.

"Well," said Smith, "why not come prepared for what we shall get? Blazers and flannel bags. And instead of skating on the pond, *cricket* on the little green at the side of the pub. And instead of dinner in front of a piled-up fire, let's have it outside on a long trestle table, *in the sunshine*. It would be a Christmas to talk about for years!"

Well, we all jumped at that, even Dobbie. It sounded so crazy to the rest of us, but he said it sounded so truly English.

"It would certainly be something for Dobbie to write home to his Australian pals about," I said.

"I'll draw a kind of invitation-cum-Christmas card for the occasion," said Smith, who is a bit of a painter, "and we'll have 'em printed and frame 'em as souvenirs."

"We'll bring cameras down and photograph it from every angle," said Bart. "They'll talk about it here in the Copper Kettle for generations. I'll bet that in time it will be looked on as the real old-fashioned thing.

"In years to come they'll point to a photograph on the walls here of us shifting our Christmas dinner outside the front, with the sunshine going all out, and they'll say: '*That's how they used to spend Christmas at the Copper Kettle in the old days!*'"

"Why?" said I, "I'll get half a column about it in the papers!"

And we called the landlord back into the conference, and got him as enthusiastic as we were; we booked the rooms on the spot and had everything cut and dried before the end of our holiday.

We came back to London full of the scheme, bubbling over—except perhaps Dobbie, who had to go out with his pots and pans again, all over Lancashire, which would take the edge off a lot of things, I should think.

"Now we've fixed it up it will rain!" he said.

But it didn't.

You ought to have seen the card that Smith designed. There were all of us, in caricature, sitting outside the Copper Kettle at Christmas dinner. Smith had let his fancy romp; not only was the sun shining, but the trees were in full leaf, and all round the inn the corn was stooked in the fields and the farmers were gathering the hay.

It showed the sky full of birds, and Dobbie at the head of the table in bathing costume. Across the top in fancy lettering were the words: "Happy New Christmas!"

SMITH AND I WENT down the day before Christmas Eve to round off the corners and see that everything was right. Bart was to join us next morning and Dobbie—who was out peddling his tin-ware, etc., again—in the evening.

The weather was an eye-opener. No Midsummer Day had ever managed anything better to look at. The sky was an empty blue, the sunshine was dazzling. In fact, they had to keep bowls of cold water round the turkey in the larder.

"Wonder *why* it's always like this at Christmas now?" said Smith. "Gulf Stream slipped or something?"

Bart turned up next morning and we spent the day taking photographs and getting the little cricket-pitch ready. Then, after tea, we got out three sunshades and set off on the three-mile walk to the station to meet Dobbie.

But we never got more than 20 ft. or so on that three-mile walk. A boy got off a red bicycle just as we were starting and handed us a telegram. It read:

'*Deeply regret unable be with you at great event to-morrow. Almost heartbroken. Am snowed up in Isle of Skye.—Dobbie.*"

The Seven Crises of Hercules Smith

THE CASE OF THE AMERICAN COLLECTOR

The trade nick-named Hercules "Honesty"—his reputation led to a deal dreamt of by all booksellers . . .

by

HARRY HEARSON

ILLUSTRATED BY SHOWELL

A SHAFT of morning sunlight had found a gap between the books piled up in the window, and, exploring the dimness of the little shop, had discovered a slim, leather-bound volume on the counter.

Hercules Smith, peering down at the book, was a little troubled by its presence. Its owner had erupted into the shop not many minutes ago—an oldish, jerky-mannered individual—and had planked down the "Venus and Adonis" on the counter.

"Friend of mine said bring it to you," he announced. "You *are* Honesty Smith, aren't you?"

Hercules smiled wryly. "I'm told they call me that in the trade," he admitted.

The stranger stared at him closely. "You're very young," he said. "But never mind that. Found the book going through my father's attic. Been there hundreds of years, I dare say. Friend told me probably valuable. Any idea what it's worth?"

Hercules picked up the volume and opened it carefully. It was a first quarto edition, with the imprint of "R. Field," and the date 1593. He shook his head slowly. "I've no idea," he told the stranger. "I'll have to get some expert advice."

"I'd take a hundred pounds for it," its owner stated. "Anything less, I'd sooner keep it."

Hercules looked up from the book. "I can't afford to gamble, sir," he said. "If you care to leave it——"

"All right!" The stranger found a card and dropped it on the counter. "My name and address. Got to catch the 12.50 at Waterloo. If you decide to pay a hundred, send it on to me. If not, return the book. I'll trust you. Good morning." And he turned briskly towards the door.

HERCULES SUDDENLY remembered something. "Hi!" he called. "Excuse me, sir, but I ought to tell you I'm not well enough off to carry a floating insurance. If anything were to happen to the book——"

"I'll chance it," the stranger replied over his shoulder, and the bell over the shop door jangled finally.

As the noise faded, Hercules frowned at the sun-warmed cover of the book. The thing might be valuable, and he didn't want any accidents. He and Joan hadn't yet got over the scare of a few days ago. Their biggest creditor had failed—and nearly taken them with him!

Joan had been wonderfully good about it, seeing it meant that all their hopes about the Dream House were smashed.

They'd been looking for a house outside London for more than a year. With John five years old, and little Bill's second birthday passed, the flat over the shop really was getting too small for them. Bill had been born just over a year after Joan had given Hercules that awful fright with pneumonia.

They had found the Dream House, with its "For Sale" board, only last month, when they'd taken the children into the country for an outing. They had fallen in love with it at first sight. It was just big enough for them, and with its garden alive with May colours within a belt of protecting trees, it had seemed just perfect.

They could, they decided, just about manage the price, and had paid a deposit on the spot.

NOW, JUST BEFORE they were due to sign the agreement, this creditor had smashed everything up. They couldn't go through with it.

Hercules sighed, and picked up the slim book from the counter. He called up the stairs to Joan, asking her if she would mind the shop while he went round to Hodgson's to get an expert valuation.

When he came out of Hodgson's he was looking more worried than ever. The book was buttoned tightly inside his coat, and he kept a hand on its outline until he got safely home with it.

At auction, they said, it might fetch anything from £3,000 to £5,000. And just as Hercules was leaving they had remembered that a wealthy American collector was due in that afternoon to see some stuff, and had promised to send him along.

Hercules, on the way home, told himself that he'd be quite justified in sending the owner of the book a cheque for £100, and in pocketing whatever difference the book sold for. The stranger had said quite clearly that he would be satisfied with £100. In fact, he'd probably be delighted with it.

Joan would be able to have the Dream House after all. That was the important thing. Then he wouldn't, coming into the sitting-room unexpectedly another time, find her crying quietly. That was more important than the possible feelings of a fool who waved about books he didn't know the value of.

Yes, they could have the Dream House.

Why, then, couldn't he quite recapture that fine free feeling about it he had shared with Joan in those excited days after they had first paid the deposit?

Glancing over his shoulder at Hercules, who was tying the string of the neat parcel, he slipped a book out of his pocket and in among the volumes on the shelf

Hercules said nothing to Joan about the valuation, and was silent and preoccupied during their midday meal.

Afterwards he went down into the shop and took out the book, and fingered it, and fell into a mood of abstraction.

The sun had gone off the window of the little bookshop when the bell announced a quietly dressed, obviously wealthy customer.

"Am I addressing Mr. Hercules Smith?" he asked politely.

Hercules nodded.

"Fine!" The man looked pleased. "My name is Wilmer J. Croot. Hodgson sent me along here. Said you'd something rather rare to show me."

Hercules swallowed nervously. "Yes, sir," he said. And he produced the "Venus and Adonis" from a hidden shelf and laid it on the counter.

The customer picked it up and examined it, his movements betraying an excitement beneath his sophisticated manner. "And very nice, too," he commented, stroking the sheepskin cover lovingly. "I've only seen one like it before, and that was in the Bodleian."

Hercules nodded. "I'm told that is the only one on record," he said, "though there may be a few hidden about the country."

"I'll pay you £4,000 for it." The American spoke decisively, looking Hercules straight in the eye as he pulled out a cheque-book."

Hercules returned his look steadily. "I think," he said at length, "I'd bett accept that offer. It *might* fetch mo at auction, but then again it might Anyway, I'm sure my client will more than satisfied. Yes. Yes, I'll ta that offer," he said firmly—and just a brief moment his eyes went blank a flickering vision of the Dream Hou rose up and died away again.

"But I thought——. See here," sa the American, who was writing out cheque on the counter, "don't thi I'm impertinent, but I sort of gather from Hodgson that it was by way being a cinch for you. Yet just n you spoke of your client being satisfie

Hercules explained.

THE AMERICAN EYED HIM curiously a moment or so, and made a tentati movement towards the pocket i which he had slipped the cheque-bo But apparently something about t sturdy bent figure of the little bo seller precluded that, and his ha dropped again to his side. He wrink his eyes, until of a sudden th brightened, and he snapped his fing surreptitiously. Looking quickly arou he strolled across the shop, appare to browse idly along a shelf of pleasa bound, unpriced books.

Glancing over his shoulder at H cules, who was tying the string of neat parcel, he slipped a book out his pocket and in among the volu on the shelf. A moment later he let an exclamation, and, as Hercules lo up, seized the book and drew it out "Where did you get this?" he s

rossing to the counter and laying it own.

Hercules picked it up and looked at it. "More's 'Utopia,'" he murmured, nd opened it to see the imprint. "I ather think," he said uncertainly, "that was in a lot I bought at a country ouse sale. Though I don't just seem recall it. I see it has the Louvain mprint of 1517. I *believe* it's worth bout £30 or so. But I'll have to look up."

"Forgive me," said the American, but you must be thinking of the Basle dition of 1518. *This* one is pretty rare. That's more important, I want it—that if you'll take £1,000 for it. I'm not repared to go beyond that."

"I—yes, of course, I'll be most happy sell it to you." Hercules tried to iron he excitement out of his voice and ppear calmly professional. "That is, f you're quite sure——"

But the American was already writing ut another cheque. "Well, that's O.K., hen," he said, handing the slip of paper Hercules and picking up the neatly rapped "Venus and Adonis." "No, on't bother to wrap up the other," he aid, slipping it into his pocket.

He smiled cheerfully at the little book-eller. "Good luck to you, Mr. Smith. t's a pleasure to have met a man like ou in the trade." And he seized ercules' hand, pumped it up and down, nd walked quickly out of the shop.

The jangling of the bell over the door eached out at Hercules through a sort f haze. He looked at the hand the merican had shaken, then at the other and, still holding the cheque for £1,000. brought him to trembling life again, nd he made a dash at the telephone.

Five minutes later he had explained atters to the owner of the Dream ouse and reinstated the appointment r signing the agreement. Then he undered through the door at the back f the shop and clattered up the stairs, alling for Joan and waving the cheque ildly in front of him. . . .

Your Good Health

Babies Without Tears

by Dr. GREVILLE PARK

EVEN AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS, analgesia in childbirth is still making slow headway, partly because no perfect way of producing it has been discovered.

Chloroform has many dangers, both to mother and child, though these are minimised if it is used by an expert. All sorts of hypnotic and pain-killing drugs have been tried out—paraldehyde, nembutal, chloral—many are still in use, others have been abandoned.

The gas-air machine is the favourite at the moment. This is a machine which gives the same sort of gas you have at the dentist, but is arranged so that the mother herself controls how much she gets, and stops having any when she is unconscious.

It is very safe, and midwives learn to use it; but doesn't always give complete relief, and the necessary cylinders of gas are heavy things for a nurse to carry about.

The trilene-air machine is an improvement on this. It is much more portable, controlled by the mother, gives more relief, and has no cylinders to get suddenly empty. But it really needs a doctor's supervision.

Pethidine is a new drug, rather like morphia in action, but safer. It can be injected every four hours. Evipan and pentothal are other injection drugs.

We still wait for the perfect method, but it is certainly possible now to give every woman very considerable freedom from pain without danger.

These books make news

Life in Franco's Spain

Franco's rule is ending. To many people that is the best news of the week. A recent book reviewed here by VINCENT BROME, tells of Spanish torture and terrorism

"THERE'S YOUR TICKET for Sagunto — a third-class ticket—I apologise, but the thirds aren't so carefully watched. . . . Don't forget your old pal of Army days, the poor blighter. There's your train. . . . Hop in. . . and good luck . . ."

Charles d'Ydewalle, a Belgian journalist, walked down the stairway to Sagunto Station in Spain, on his way to freedom—or so he imagined.

Then the rosy-faced gendarme with a magnificent three-cornered hat materialised from nowhere, d'Ydewalle's guide vanished, and the first shadow of doubt fell across his path. For d'Ydewalle was travelling without a passport, travelling across Franco's Spain *en route* for Lisbon and London.

Five minutes later, as he sat in the room off the station bar with his pockets emptied on the table, he knew that somebody had betrayed him. A train banged and clattered into the station. The gendarme, full of politeness, had ushered him in. d'Ydewalle risked a question. . . . "Shall I know where I am to be taken?"

"Yes, you will be told."

"But when?"

"*Manaña.*"

Tomorrow. . . . It became the motif of his whole existence for the next few months — *manaña* — tomorrow, always tomorrow.

Five Nights on the Floor

His first prison turned out to be the Carcel Modelo in Barcelona. It was built to take 700 prisoners. When d'Ydewalle arrived it held 8,000. It was hard in the beginning, very hard, and then . . .

"It was my fifth night on the floor. I found it impossible to lie on my side; so I arranged myself on my back, with my head on a little bag, and fell asleep without any trouble. I had got used to it. . . ."

He asked one day when he might be released, and the word came up again. They would tell him — *manaña*—tomorrow.

Several reports have filtered through from Spain in the last six months, few of them very interesting, because of the censorship. But in his book, "An Interlude in Spain," just published by Macmillan at 8s. 6d., d'Ydewalle sets down some of the most authentic information ever to come out of Franco's fortress.

As the war draws to its close, Spain will become the centre of attention. Here is a country full of contradictions, here is a dictatorship which professes to be a democracy, here are twenty-five million people who cannot be ignored in the new Europe.

Behind the sunny streets, the taverns and the market places, d'Ydewalle found some terrible things.

Priest Among Criminals

It was true, of course, that in one wing of the Modelo prison the prisoners had special privileges. They could talk to one another. But there was another wing.

It was full of lunatics, men driven mad by their treatment, or shamming madness. Beatings, starvation, and continual executions were the order of the day. It was several years since the Nationalists had occupied Barcelona, but there were still five or six executions every week. Almost one a day over a period of many years.

Some of them were cruel in a cold, calculating way. d'Ydewalle talked to one old man who had been compelled to stand, giving the Falangist salute, and singing one of their songs, while his son was executed in front of him.

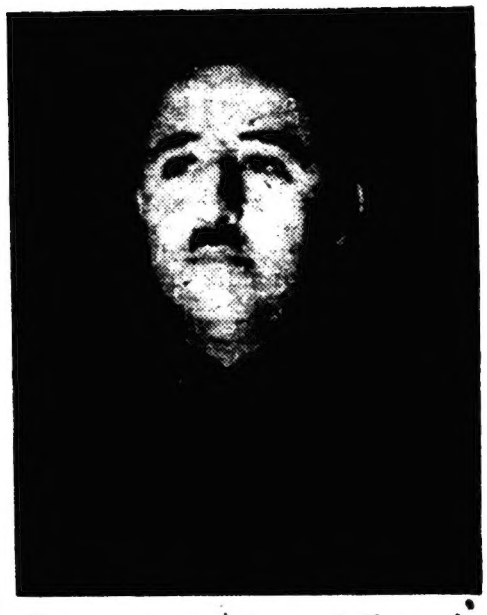
Then there was the story of Father van Nekker, a man warned to leave Belgium because of his anti-Fascist sermons. He went to Spain and was arrested. German Gestapo agents questioned him.

In the end he knew the horrors of the worst tortures they could try. Father Nekker was taken to a prison in Madrid and given a cell so low that he could only reach it on all-fours. He remained there living with the lowest type of criminal for eight months. . . .

They Don't Talk Aloud

d'Ydewalle gathered many other stories from the prisons of Spain. He found the wildest contradictions. For instance, if you want to hear the truth about Spain, if you want to hear people talking freely, then you must go to certain wings of the great prisons.

Outside, the café life of Madrid and Barcelona appears to go its normal way, but the tables teem with agents, German, Spanish and Portuguese, and every



General Franco is no believer in political liberty. Since the beginning of the Civil war some 270,000 people have seen the inside of Spanish prisons

so often three alguazils—special police—descend, and another man who has said too much is spirited away. So the people in the streets no longer talk freely. They talk only in the prisons where men have nothing to lose.

The day eventually came round when d'Ydewalle's case was considered afresh and he heard that he was to be moved. But his second stopping place turned out to be another prison. This time the Miranda de Ebro. This time, too, there were prisoners from all over the world.

Pay for Prisoners

d'Ydewalle had found a bread and tobacco exchange in the Modelo. . . .

"At Miranda the notice, Economic and Financial Agency, might have been put at every door. Whence came the money? Britons, Poles, Belgians, Dutch, all the Allies, in fact, received four pesetas a day from their respective governments. The Belgian group alone spent 10,000 pesetas every week."

Outside in the streets of Madrid eggs cost 17 pesetas a dozen and butter 48 pesetas a kilo (two lb.). Since the average income for a man with a family was 32 to 35 pesetas a day, they did not live very lavishly.

There was good food to be bought in Spain—if you had the money. Famine no longer stalked the streets. Nor did children lie on the pavement too weak to move. But there was still plenty of hunger and discontent.

There are men in and near Spain today who plan a very different future for their country. The prisoners know them. Men like General Fernandez, dark, big-nosed, thirty-two years old, a man who affects a fur-trimmed cloak, but has at his call a body of fourteen thousand well-armed men.

Alike in Cruelty

There is also the Junta Suprema or National Union, representing the democratic people of Spain. It includes General Riquelmie a man of higher military rank than Franco himself, and the leader of the Catholic Agrarian Party. There is talk of a Liberation Committee already operating in Madrid. The big thing it wants to avoid is another blood bath in Spain.

d'Ydewalle's book is deeply interesting, not only for the way it probes the hidden places of Spanish life, but because it is also a profound study of human nature.

The author tends to believe that there is little to choose between one kind of Spaniard and another in terms of cruelty. But there is everything to choose between one kind of Government and another. It is the difference between government by the people and a Fascist dictatorship.

"It's for you"

"John Bull" Inquiry Bureau Conducted by "Humanist"

A FRESH START AT FORTY

Fifteen wasted years. A case for plain speaking. His blind spot in maths might mean a different career

"WHEN I LEFT SCHOOL I was ambitious but, living in a mining district, I only had the choice of the coal mine. So at seventeen I started to study mining very seriously, and kept it up for eight years. I became the proud possessor of some good diplomas.

"Then came the crash! In love with a girl of my own age, all went well until we quarrelled and never saw each other again. This knocked the wind out of my sails. I gave up studies and went for something easier—drinking and gambling.

"After wasting fifteen years and a small fortune and losing all my best friends, I am just beginning to realise what a fool I am. Is it too late at forty to begin all over again?"

Of course not. Many a man has done his best work after forty, and with decent luck you have still thirty or even forty years before you. You will find it tough going at first; there is much leeway to make up; but the discovery that you've been a fool should provide a strong incentive. But, don't waste any more time in vain regrets. Good luck.

"MY AGE IS FIFTY-THREE. I have my daughter and grandson living with me. A friend—a spinster of forty—wants to marry me and has told me so. She admitted she was in love even before my wife died. This lady is not a flirt, but has lately become quite 'aggressive' in her attentions. But I have no inclination towards her, though she is an old friend, and I doubt whether a marriage would ever work out. She says I am kind-hearted, that she cannot live without me, that she will take her life . . ."

Your kind-heartedness causes the dilemma. Ruthless men in your position would give a definite, uncompromising "No." Obviously you have no desire for a mate. What if you marry out of pity? What is your daughter's attitude going to be? You, and the scores of others in similar circumstances, should refuse marriage. If your daughter goes to live elsewhere, of course, the situation might be different. You might need comfort, attention and care. Why not put this to the lady who's in love? But it should be clear that you won't marry while your daughter is at home.

"IT IS SAID THAT IF YOU are really keen on a subject nothing can stop you being successful at it. I am twenty years old and am keen on engineering which includes mathematics. But maths always let me down. I want to get my A.M.I.E.E., my A.M.I.Mech.E., and my B.Sc., but failure at maths stands in my way.

"I can't be happy unless I get on. What can I do about it?"

A man may be brilliantly clever in one direction and a dunce in another. Some people take to mathematics like a duckling to swimming—others don't, or can't. The famous writer, Leigh Hunt, wanting to pay a debt of 3s. 6d., was searching his pockets, which contained only half-crowns and shillings. He thought he couldn't pay the debt because although he'd got three shillings, he couldn't find a sixpence!

The best idea would be for you to have some private coaching in maths, and then the teacher will probably be able to spot where your particular weaknesses lie. If it becomes clear that you have not the right sort of mind for maths you should seriously consider changing your profession altogether because, in the higher branches of engineering, maths is essential. Otherwise you must reconcile yourself to the practical side of the work.

Tax and Disabled Men

E. K., Bournemouth: Disability pensions are exempt from income-tax. A disabled married ex-Serviceman can have earned income of up to £156 per annum or an unearned income of up to £140 per annum before becoming liable to pay income-tax. If he has children under sixteen or other dependants, the exemption limits will be higher. If his wife is in employment, she can also earn up to £90 per annum without being liable to income-tax herself and without affecting her husband's liability.

T. F., Preston: The Women's Land Army is not an independent movement subsidised by the Exchequer. The organisation is part of the Ministry of Agriculture and the whole cost of it falls on public funds. Information as to the post-war position of the Women's Land Army is not yet available, but the Minister of Agriculture has stated that in will be necessary, in order to maintain essential food production, to retain this organisation for a considerable time after the defeat of Germany.

F. J., Mexborough: If a person engaged in employment scheduled under the Essential Works Order refuses to work reasonable overtime, the employer can notify the National Service Officer who would issue directions that overtime must be worked. Failure to comply with such directions might lead to legal action being taken. The employer has, of course, a right to suspend a person who refuses to work overtime, but this is usually limited to three days. In the event of such suspension, an appeal may be made to the local Appeal Board.

A. T., Woodford Green: The Army Council Instruction covering stoppages and subscriptions from soldiers' pay for sports, states that C.O.s will emphasise the entirely voluntary nature of the subscriptions and will see that, in any event, stoppages for all purposes of that nature shall not exceed the rate of 2s. a month for each man. The position is that if a man wishes to refuse to make such a contribution, he is at liberty to do so.

Service

SEND YOUR PERSONAL or other problems (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Inquiry Bureau, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, which answers countless queries by post. Stamped, addressed envelope, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Happy New Year won in 10 Minutes!

DONE anything yet about winning for yourself that Happy New Year you will soon be wishing others? Here's an aircraft worker who has—E. A. Rossell, 11, Ashworth Avenue, Ruddington, Notts.

Allied soldiers in North Africa, Italy and Western Europe have nobly deserved his simple First Prize tribute in Contest 1,453, Sandy And Dusty—Muddy And "Shining," Khaki. And a few as well-chosen words on the coupon below can also win *you* a Happy New Year!

HOW TO WIN—USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

Simply add 2, 3 or 4 words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" and you've made a "Bullet."

£100 FIRST and 1,111 OTHER PRIZES | £20, £10, £5, £4, £3, £2, 38s. 36s. 34s. 32s. 30s. 100 Fruit Cakes. 1,000 Merit Awards.

CUT HERE

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets," my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Jan. 20.

IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value.....

No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

2 FREE BULLETS For 6d. extra you may add further four Bullets on plain paper, thus obtaining 2 FREE

"BULLETS" No. 1,458.

LAST DAY TO POST ENTRY—MONDAY, JAN. 1.

WHAT BRITAIN'S DONE
VICTORY'S HARBOUR
UNFORGETTABLE DAY
SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY
HITLER'S DOUBLE
TO LIGHT THE WAY
SCENTING DANGER
DREAMERS
NO PANTOMIME
LITTLE MAN
IN THE JUNGLE
STROKE OF GENIUS
HER RELATIONS
PRIVATE SMITH
ENJOYING THEMSELVES
LIKE A STARTLED RABBIT
RARE AND REFRESHING
JEWEL OF TRUTH
DAD'S IMAGINATION
WE MAY BE POOR, BUT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then build your "Bullet" as usual.

MADE HIS.....
PRAISE THE.....AND
WHEN EVERYBODY.....
THE ..... PEOPLE
NOT A.....
OUR OLD.....

ADDRESS ENTRY
"BULLETS" 1,458, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

£250 FIRST, "BULLETS" 1,455

F. Bailey, 98, Highfield Road South, Dartford.

SHORT OF SHELLS

THAT "BOMB" HIT AMERICA!

£20: P. George, 10, Kings Drive, Edgware, Mdx. Tommy's Reward—"Thank You!" Then Queue?

£10: A. Dowling, 36, Aubrey Road, Bristol. At The Next Election—"Play Part"—Choose "Performers"!

£5: F. W. Street, 31, Bosley Way, Christchurch. Hope For The Future—Glory Of The Present.

£4: M. Rice, "Bekonscot," East Street, Tolleshury. For Baby's Sake—Whack Hands—"Win" Frits!

£3: F. Lees, 387, Oldham Road, Longsight, Royton. Might Be A Santa—Dalton—Foolishly, Childhood's "Scrooge."

"Bullets" Pointers—No. 3

Don't flit from *Example* to *Example*, giving to none the careful thought which might lead to building a prize *Bullet*. Instead, choose an *Example* you fancy and explore its possibilities fully before letting your eye pass on to another one.

£2: W. Williams, 47, Charles Street, Tonypandy, Glam. "Quiet, Please!"—Stamp Every Radio With!

38s.: J. Pollitt, Gwyn-y-Nant, Merthyr Tydfil, S. Wales. This Christmas—Ice-cream—Coal Next Summer?

36s.: J. Weston, 706, Cuthbert's Yard, Barlestone, Nuneaton. Might Be A Makeshift—Steel Houses—Still, Houses.

34s.: S. S. Parfitt, 49, Allen Street, Mountain Ash. For The Poor—Collect "Contributions." *Beveridge Way.*

32s.: W. J. Hill, 9, Waters-Street, Briton Ferry. At The Next Election—Paratrooper Voiceless—Too Young.

30s.: A. E. Payne, 15, Wakefield Road, Brighton. At Sandy's Tea-shop—Only Pig Bin Wasted!

A list of 100 winners of Xmas Cakes can be seen at these offices. 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. and stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Jan. 20, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

XWORD

FIRST PRIZE £50—Other prizes value £25 and up to 100 Fruit Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

1. Christmas helps to bring out—□OLLY. 2. Quick one gets people to work faster—TU□E. 3. Should be easy to distinguish on hiker's map—□ORDS. 4. Attitude of one to parents now and again leaves much to be desired LA□. 5. Invalid's chronic trouble sometimes turns out to be—L□NG. 6. Many a man wears such an old coat for gardening—□ORN. 7. May be more appreciated when Spring returns—BE□CHES. 8. Certain ones are associated with certain houses—A□MS. 9. Climber may have been foolish to come nasty cropper over this—□RINK. 10. Father may perhaps do this to get something out of sonny—TA□. 11. If you want to do this, paste may perhaps be necessary—□AKE. 12. It's hard work for an actor to play this kind of role—DU□L. 13. Some tricksters wouldn't do so well if there were not—□OOLS. 14. Is more easily taught slowly—D□NCE.

Entry fee—one 3d. stamp per set of Answers, including payment for January 20 *Gazette*. Last day to post—Monday, January 1. ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 410, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

CHEQUES & CAKES WON IN XWORD 407

WINNING WORDS: 1. KIT. 2. KINDRED. 3. WALLS. 4. LOT. 5. TRAM. 6. REVISED. 7. VOICE. 8. ASSET. 9. FOOT. 10. WET. 11. MAID. 12. WINTER. 13. AGE. 14. CHILD.

THREE £50 SHARERS: Pte. S. L. Jary, Somewhere-in-Britain; E. Massey, Nelson; Pte. F. Pollitt, Somewhere-in-Britain. 19 Runners-up Awards including Cakes.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

Your child's life—

are you trusting to luck?

More than half the children in this country have been protected against diphtheria. Four million have not yet been immunised. Which group is your child in? Are you trusting to LUCK? Or have you seen to it that your

child has been given the best protection known to medical science—Immunisation?

Immunisation gives a high protection against deadly diphtheria, and almost complete protection against death. It is safe, simple, free and available to all.

If your child is one of those who are still running unnecessary risks, don't trust to luck any longer. Apply to the Council Offices or Welfare Centre, or School. Diphtheria is most deadly to children under five, so the best time for immunisation is just before the first birthday; but every child between one and 15 years of age ought to be protected. Delay is dangerous.

Immunisation

—the proved safeguard

Issued by the Ministry of Health and Department of Health for Scotland.

G1/S

"I ALWAYS INSIST ON 'ALL-STAR' DRENE SHAMPOO" says Margaret Lockwood

CHARMING GAINSBOROUGH STAR

You, too, can be like the stars—treat your hair to an "All-Star" Drene Shampoo and it will be lovelier, more glamorous than ever before ... and as easy to set as A B C.

REMEMBER: 7½d. size gives you two luxurious shampoos. Large size—1/10½d.

"ALL-STAR" drene

THE SHAMPOO OF THE STARS

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

V.D. Shadow on HEA[LTH]

Under war conditions, the number of cases of venereal disease in Britain has risen every year, and this increase is one of the few "black spots" on the nation's wartime health record. A very important cause of the spread of venereal diseases is ignorance. The object of these advertisements is to provide information of their prevalence; how they are contracted; and how they may be cured by early treatment.

What are the Venereal Diseases? There are a number of them, but the main ones are **syphilis** and **gonorrhœa**, two very different diseases caused by different germs.

What is Syphilis? Syphilis is a dangerous, a killing disease. If not treated early, skilfully and completely, it can cause death or total disablement in early middle life. Unless an infected mother is given skilled treatment early in pregnancy, she can pass on syphilis to her unborn child.

What is Gonorrhœa? Gonorrhœa, though not so dangerous as syphilis, is a serious disease and is one of the causes—not, of course, the only one—of chronic ill-health and inability to have children.

What are the signs of V.D.? The first sign of syphilis is a small ulcer on or near the sex organs; it appears from 10-90 days—usually three or four weeks—after infection. Gonorrhœa usually shows itself first between two and ten days after infection, as a discharge from the sex organs.

How are Venereal Diseases caught? In adults, almost always through sexual intercourse with a person who has already got the disease. The passing of the disease in any other way is so uncommon that it need not be feared.

How can they be avoided? These germs cannot appear in the body of their own accord. Nor can they be carried through the air like the germs of colds or measles; but any man or woman, boy or girl, who has sexual relations with a casual acquaintance risks picking up syphilis or gonorrhœa. Clean living is the real safeguard.

How and where can V.D. be cured? Venereal diseases can be cured if treated early by a specialist doctor; self-treatment is useless and may be disastrous. A specialist's advice, and treatment if necessary are given FREE at any V.D. clinic: the addresses of local clinics and the times of opening may be found on local posters. Treatment is **absolutely confidential.** Anyone who has the slightest reason to suspect V.D. should seek skilled medical treatment AT ONCE.

FURTHER INFORMATION IN CONFIDENCE can be obtained from your local Council's Health Department, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock Square, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.

(VD 37-16)

RHEUMATISM

Victim asks:

"Why am I singled out to suffer?"

"It may be the weather, it may be my diet, it may be my work that gives me Rheumatism. But what I want to know is why am I singled out to suffer — when thousands more, doing as I do, keep perfectly well?"

Answer: Maybe the cause of your Rheumatism is something quite different. Most authorities are now agreed that a great deal of Rheumatism is caused by poisons originating in a lazy overloaded bowel, or in bad teeth or in septic tonsils.

"That puts a different complexion on it! How can I find out if these poisons *are* causing my Rheumatism?"

Answer: Apart from having your teeth and tonsils examined, you ought to keep your bowels gently open, and you ought to help your kidneys filter away any poisons which may be in your blood.

"Someone told me about Fynnon Salt. Would Fynnon help me?"

Answer: Fynnon Salt will gently open your bowels and rid you of any stagnating material in which poisons are apt to originate. And, owing to the fact that a dose of Fynnon Salt DIVIDES INTO TWO PARTS after passing through your stomach, one part to help your kidneys draw away poisons from your bloodstream, and one part to relieve your bowels, Fynnon may bring you very great relief from Rheumatism. Thousands of cases of rheumatic trouble have been relieved by Fynnon Salt.

Large Size Fynnon Salt 1/6
(Including Purchase Tax)

Fynnon Ltd., Brentford, Middlesex (531)

STOP YOUR TICKLING COUGH!

Pop a Mecca in your mouth

Lucky for You

if you can Think use in 'STEAD

STEAD RAZOR BLADES

Eggs in the handiest form

We know that dried eggs are equal to shell eggs in body-building and health-protecting food value, because of course they *are* whole fresh eggs with just the shell and water removed. But some cooks say they like them even better for cooking than shell eggs.

For instance: when you want just a portion of an egg — for glazing a pie, or for egg-and-breadcrumb covering for fried foods — you take only just as much as you want from the packet and add water in proportion. Easier than dividing a shell egg!

Then, you can use the dried eggs dry when making cakes, puddings and batters; so that you have only one mixing operation — remembering, of course, to add two extra tablespoons of water for each tablespoon of dried egg. In fact, dried eggs are eggs — in handiest form.

You are allowed two packets of dried eggs per ration book every four weeks — expectant mothers and holders of green ration books get four packets.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (DE-10)

DO YOU HAVE TO REMIND HER TO CLEAN HER TEETH ...?

Not when she has her own cake of

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

Price 7½d Refills 7d
Large size Refills 11½d
Prices G.B. only (including Purchase Tax)

GIVE YOUR TEETH A SHINE WITH GIBBS

B. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4 GD 2424

This HOUSEWIFE says

"Stooping about doing housework used to affect my stomach and give me indigestion and painful wind around the heart—until I took 'Bisurated' Magnesia." The cause of digestive upsets is excess acidity—set up by fermenting food. Correct it with a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia taken after meals. Ask your chemist for 'Bisurated' Magnesia. Prices 1/5 & 2/10 (Inc. Pur. Tax).

'Bisurated' Magnesia

"...FACE AND NECK CLEARED OF RASH" says a Gillingham Housewife

"...writing to say a week ago my face and neck was covered with a rash which was so uncomfortable I did not know what to do, saw your advertisement in the 'Christian Herald,' went to my nearest Chemist and got a jar—my face is now quite clear and I cannot speak too highly of the marvellous recovery. I shall never be without a jar in the medicine chest." Mrs. E.

Most skin troubles are caused by more than one type of germ, that's why Valderma contains *two* antiseptics—each one particularly deadly to certain groups of bacteria. Following astonishingly successful results in Hospital and Laboratory tests, eminent Skin Specialists now prescribe Valderma for serious skin infections. Eczema, Dermatitis, Boils, Pimples, Rashes and "Athlete's Foot" are swiftly overcome by Valderma's "two-in-one" antiseptic action. Soothing, yet ten times more deadly to germs than Carbolic Ointment. Use it for cuts and abrasions, too.

White and agreeable to use, Valderma doesn't stain—and heals many skin troubles in only a few days. 2/- a jar. Double Size, 3/6 (inc. Tax).

VALDERMA

REGD. ANTISEPTIC BALM

(28C)

A "FOUL" HEAD

Get rid of it with PROPAX

DOUBLE POWER TABLETS

STOP PAIN QUICKLY

STOP THAT COUGH WITH VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Sold Everywhere 1/6 per bottle (Inc. Pur. Tax)

Shoe Repairer averts Domestic Crisis

Little Susan wore her shoes out
Much too fast, as children do;
Mother sighed and Dad complained at
What it cost to mend each shoe.

Then the shoe repairer fitted
Goodyear Soles and Heels for Sue;
Now her shoes last ages longer,
And they feel so comfy, too!

* * *

Although Goodyear Soles and Heels, like so many things, aren't always obtainable just when you want them—it's well worth while waiting for them. They not only make shoes last longer, but they help retain your shoes' good looks. So remember to ask your repairer to fit Goodyear!

GOODYEAR

SOLES & HEELS

For Men, Women and Children

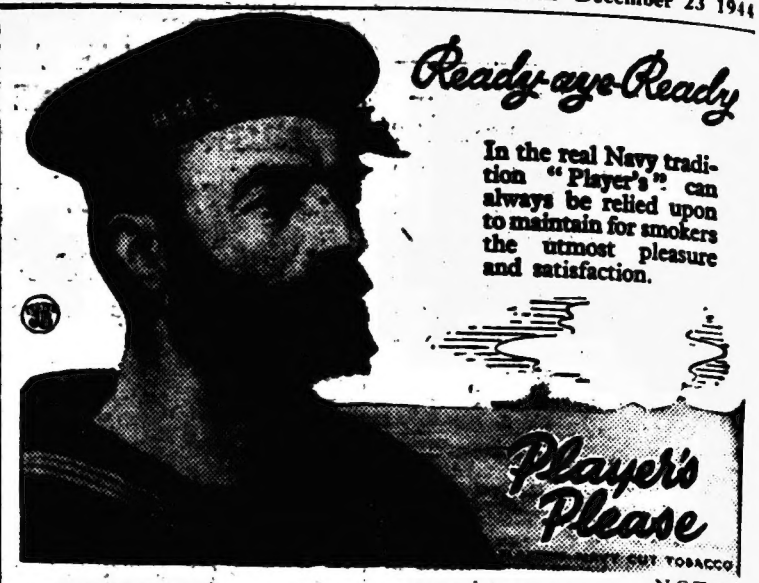
(including Lightweight "invisible" stickon soles for women)

To protect the family against infection . . .

Make Wright's the 'rule' for the Toilet and Nursery

WRIGHTS COAL TAR SOAP

ONE TABLET ONE COUPON

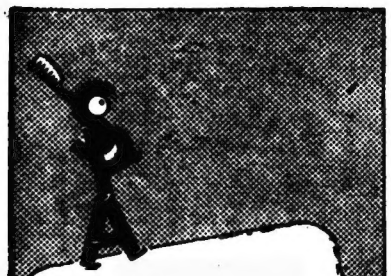

Ready-aye-Ready
In the real Navy tradition "Player's" can always be relied upon to maintain for smokers the utmost pleasure and satisfaction.
Player's Please
CUT TOBACCO

N.C.T.53R

Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels without cramping or over-acting. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6.



made to give your teeth a good brush

JOHN FREEMAN & CO., LTD., Spa Brush Works, Chesham, Bucks.

GUARD YOUR TEETH... ...Night & Morning

The only way to keep your teeth safe from acid is by regular cleansing. However rushed you may be, you really cannot afford ever to neglect them. So every night and every morning clean your teeth thoroughly with Phillips' Dental Magnesia. This is the one toothpaste which contains 'Milk of Magnesia'*, recommended by dentists to combat acid in the mouth. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia this day and make sure to use it—night and morning.

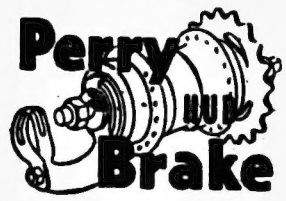
Phillips' Dental Magnesia (Regd.)

* *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

What *is* fbc?

Complete control of the cycle comes through foot braking and 'f b c' means—FOOT BRAKE CONTROL. It means that a simple backward pressure of the foot on the pedal brings the cycle to rest SMOOTHLY yet POWERFULLY as with a car. How easy it is and how natural—and the braking strength can be gauged to a fraction.

The PERRY HUB BRAKE gives you this principle of FOOT BRAKE CONTROL—it responds instantly yet smoothly to the pressure of the foot. No bicycle can be considered complete or up-to-date without it; therefore, when ordering your new cycle, tell your dealer you would like it equipped with the PERRY HUB BRAKE.

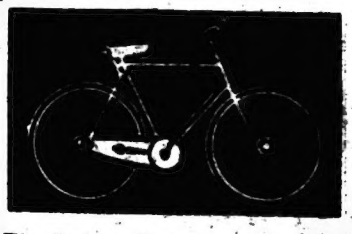


The modern system of **FOOT BRAKE CONTROL**

PERRY & CO. LTD., TYSELEY, BIRMINGHAM, 11

IT TAKES vast INDUSTRIES TO WIN THE WAR— THAT'S WHY SUNBEAM BICYCLES ARE SCARCE!

New Sunbeam Bicycles are few and far between, these days, because the fine steel from which they are made now goes into British weapons of war. But when peace-time again gives free rein to craftsmanship, Sunbeam Bicycles, still the finest machines skilled hands can build, will be readily available once more. The All-Black war-time Sunbeam costs £9.12.1 including Tax, and only the little oil bath is "missing". Put your name on your dealer's waiting list.



The Sunbeam Post-war Motor Cycle is something which thousands of enthusiasts are eagerly anticipating. It will be well worth waiting for!

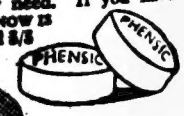
HONESTLY— A BETTER BICYCLE

SUNBEAM

SUNBEAM CYCLES LTD., BIRMINGHAM 11

Phensic will relieve the heaviest Cold...

If you have been let in for a heavy catarrhal cold try Phensic! Take two tablets with a little water every few hours—and continue until the symptoms have quite disappeared. Phensic will help to get the cold poisons out of you and it will provide the tonic you so badly need. If you have never tried Phensic NOW IS THE TIME! 1/4 and 2/3 incl. Pur. Tax.



Phensic

for relief & protection from Colds & 'Flu

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.